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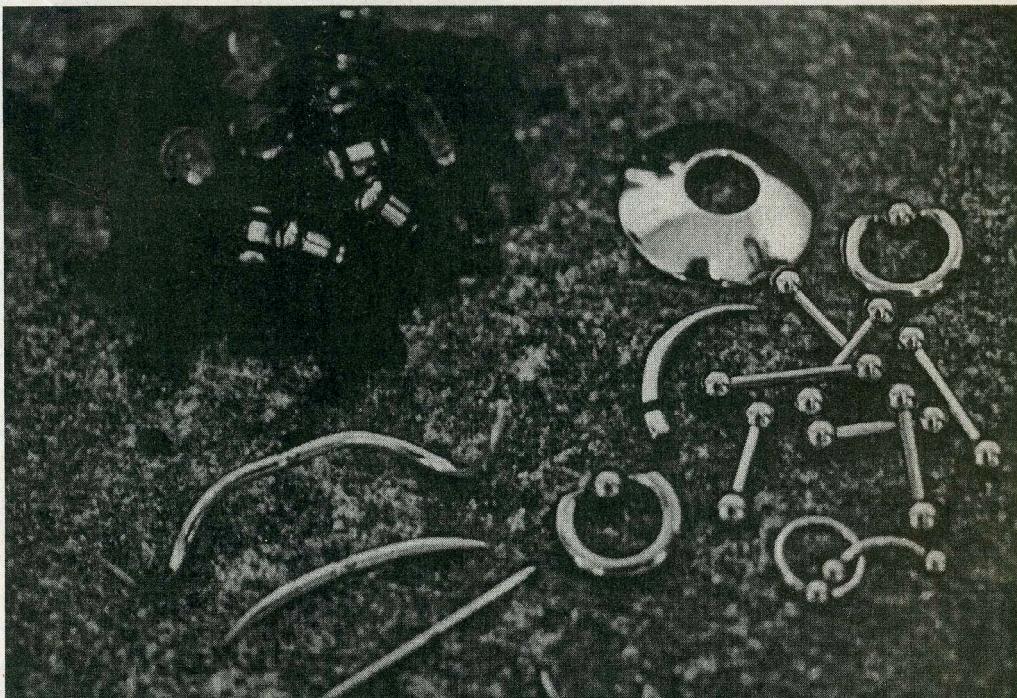
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Before you criticize someone, you should walk a mile in their shoes.

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Dear John,

Thanks man, couldn't take someone disagreeing with you? Well, here's a

few things I'm thankful for. I'm thankful I can still hold my bladder, I'm thankful I can still drink until the room spins and I vomit, and I'm thankful I still have that picture of your girlfriend, which I am including.

Thanks again,
Steve
Dear Editor;

How come when you get on the bus sometimes you don't pay until you get off the bus? My question is: "Why do you have to pay when you get off the bus?" Aren't you supposed to pay when you get on the bus? Mostly I just ride my bike.

Yours, Troy Russell

Ed:

The bus is a tricky proposition even in the smallest towns in Utah. Particularly Tooele. If you have a token of esteem, or just some money, then the bus is a viable alternative to walking or chugging beer, or whatever it takes to get you there. For instance, over there across the picket fence in my neighbor's yard, the one next to mine, I left a pair of gloves. I didn't need to take a bus to retrieve the gloves. I just had to call my neighbor, (or actually directory assistance who

gave me the number. Then my neighbor. He, Ted Blatskanderson, or Blakanderson, gave me the gloves back, and that was, as they say, that. On the other hand, if I had left my gloves in Vernal, then taking the bus might be an appropriate - and pleasant - way of retrieving them. Or I could just buy some new gloves. Hope that answers the question.

Dear SLUG:

I work in a local CD store and have a huge fondness for hippie chicks. Why, just the other day, actually it was several weeks ago, this waifish girl, with a pierced nose, overalls and a homemade corduroy hat came in to the store to ask me some questions about Phish. I love Phish. This created an instant spark in my loins, as I'm sure you can imagine. Upon talking, I discovered that she loved all the bands that I am into, such as Galactic, Zion Tribe and the String Cheese Incident. So, I asked her if we could go drumming in the park on a Sunday afternoon sometime. She smiled and said "sure." Then, I called and she acted like she didn't know who I was.

What should I do? I even bought her a bottle of patchouli. No word since.

What happened?
Thanks, George St. John

Ed:

Vastly improved mechanical engineering has changed the way people come to know each other. Just one example: If you take the highway to North Dakota, and you fall in love with a hippy chick from Fargo, or even, lucky you, Jamestown, and she loves the String Cheese Incident, or



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BRUCE READE WE LOST YOUR #,
CALL US ABOUT LAST MONTH'S
COVER

Our Thanks to...
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Continued from page 3

even, rarer still, Quicksilver Messenger Service, and you have sex, she has your child and you marry her, then you would be free from the fetters of the local religion, and the unappreciative hippy chicks that it produces. A mo-mo h-ho is a no-no. This is your mantra. No local hippy chick could ever satisfy a man as obviously broad minded as you. So just remember to brush your teeth, drop your acid, and keep eating Ben and Jerry's.

Dear Gianni,

I know you have many old ties and memories of AJ, and I have tried my best to acknowledge that kinship - which is hard to do when I really don't know the first thing about you.

I ask you now for a favor. And I am aware that you have no reason in the world for you to grant me this favor, though I hope that it would be as simple as you acknowledging me as a part of AJ's large kinship.

Gianni, will you please not print any more grievances about AJ? Such as missing her, loving her "favorite charity"? (Nay - it was the living who voted for the humane society, not AJ)

The reasons are difficult for me to explain, but I will try because it's important to me that you understand where I am coming from.

To state on a page that AJ is loved and missed is one thing, but to include a list of names is somehow separating some as missing AJ more than anyone else. We all loved her and miss her. I am not affiliated with the CD store as far as a pay-

check is concerned, but I was in there nearly every day for hours at a time for nearly two years. It makes me sad and uncomfortable to read things and not feel acknowledged as someone who knew her as well as I did.

I feel like a lot of people are making AJ out to be something that she either used to be, or never was - she went from being an 'acquaintance' to a 'best friend' status in a matter of hours... I am trying desperately to keep it real. AJ is not any different now than how I remember her the day she died. She's no superstar, she's no hero, and she would be pissed off at everyone for putting her up on a pedestal. That was part of her beauty I guess, that she never claimed to be anything than exactly what she was... She's my best friend, my other half, my life and love. I saw her everyday and every night and the AJ I am remembering doesn't match with the things I see written about her or hear about her. This troubles me greatly. It's sad to find that a lot of people with these great memories of AJ really didn't know her that well at all.

That is why I am asking you to please keep it real. She's gone and there is no reason to keep printing about the matter. I don't want to feel like I need to take up ad space to say how much I love her and miss her, but I wasn't people to know that they are not the only ones. And I know this as her best friend, her other half, and her life and love.

Sincerely, Mary Rider.

Ask Ray!

I can barely run my own life, and the choices I make for myself are usually not the right ones. So why have I received letters from people then asking for my advice? I have no idea, but if I had to guess I'd say it's because human beings by definition are generally stupid, need drama to live, and mostly get what they ask for. With this in mind I've decided that I am qualified to have my own advice column after all.

"Dear Ray, I have a problem with masturbation. What should I do about it."

-Anonymous, Provo, UT

Dear Anonymous, Since you're so specific with your problem and I have to guess at what's going on, here are the two options I assume it could be. Either you have a problem with masturbation as an evil act, in which case I would suggest moving out of Provo and snapping the fuck out of it, or you're just doing it wrong in which case I would suggest moving out of Provo and try, try again. Practice makes perfect.

Dear Ray,

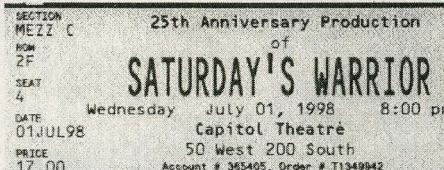
"I hate Utah! This is the place allright! The place where you go to take a big, fat, shit! You can't even get beer that's not low in alcohol. There is nothing to do here! It's illegal to do anything fun! So you end up sitting on your ass all day getting high because there's nothing else to do! This state sucks worse than any other place on the map! Fuck the construction! Fuck the people here! And Fuck You-tah!"

Peace!

Ben, Salt Lake City, Utah

So move! I realize that it's trendy to bag on Utah. Especially by Utahns and Californians. The difference is that people from Utah are ashamed of being from here and people from California have a superiority complex. They feel that they know what's hip and happening and the rest of the world doesn't. Isn't it funny then that the majority of

people moving to Utah are from California and the majority of people that won't leave are born and raised in the Beehive State? As for the alcohol issue, yes we have some screwy alcohol laws, but I'm guessing that the piss water you're probably drinking is 3.0 across the country. Also if you want a higher alcohol content in your beer you can get it in Utah. Where? It's called the liquor store. Sure it's as expensive as hell, but you deserve to pay that price if you're not brewing your own beer anyway. By brewing your own, you can make the alcohol content as high as you want. A great place



to get beer brewing supplies is "Arts Brewing" located at 642 S 250 W or you can call Art at 533-8029.

Now maybe you don't understand the law, but sitting in your room getting high is illegal. This makes me wonder why you give a shit about legalities. Besides there's plenty to do around here. For example, annually the Mormon Church holds the concert event of the year. Forget the HORDE tour, Lilith Fair or the Big Ass Show. It's called General Conference. I attended for the first time this year and here's my ticket stub to prove it. The opening acts were pretty weak, (except for the guy talking about how women should be bare foot and pregnant in the kitchen.

That was pretty entertaining.) but when the headlining act came out he rocked the tabernacle. I'm talking about the Prophet himself. There was no mosh pit, but I did see a kid leaving half way through the show with a bloody nose.

Another sign that maybe the state is loosening up is this. My ticket stub to "Saturdays Warrior" (a Mormon play) with

this on the back.

Now if you need something a little more hardcore, remember that "The Moon Family" is from Utah and they will eventually have a date playing here somewhere in town. They are without a doubt one of the hardest, best sounding bands in the country.

If that's too rowdy for you, go catch a silent movie at the "Organ Loft" 3331 S Edison or call them at 485-9265. If you need a movie with sound but don't feel like sneaking beer in to the theater, go to "Brewvies" at 677 S 200 W and have a big frosty mug of beer out in the open while you watch one.

The bottom line is you won't move. And even if you did, all that would be different would be you, sitting in your room getting high and doing nothing in another state.

If you need some useless advise for your useless little life you can mail your questions to:

Ask Ray
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NASHVILLE PUSSY



LET THEM EAT PUSSY

Nashville Pussy performed during the annual SWXW music festival in Austin, Texas this past March. Every glossy magazine report on the festival spotlighted Nashville Pussy's performance at Emo's. The show was a certified SXSW critical highlight. I was unable to view the performance because I was ejected from Emo's. Now Nashville Pussy is coming to Salt Lake City. Since the band is visiting I thought a chat with one of the Pussy's might be enjoyable. Luckily the Mercury publicity dude hooked me up with Corey Parks, the 6 foot 3 inch, fire-breathing, female bassist sporting an "eat me" tattoo near the pudding. Blaine Cartwright is the singer/guitarist, his wife Ruyter Suys is the lead guitarist and Jeremy Thompson is the drummer.

When I informed Parks that Emo's had ejected me before the Pussy played she had a comment. "You're lucky one of our people didn't catch you. You know what we do to unruly rubes such as yourself? We take the Peter Grant approach to handling the misbehaviors in the crowd. We take them backstage and beat the shit out of them." Now that the "ice" is broken how about getting to the conversation?

SLUG: "Blaine Cartwright used to play with Nine Pound Hammer. What happened to them?" **CP:** "They'd done it for about ten years and I think he was ready to maybe make a little bit of money and play with some other people who were as interested in making the band happen. All the fuckers in Hammer are real lazy. He loves playing with those guys, he's known them all his whole life, but I think he was ready to do something else. He had met all of us out on the road and he had an idea in the back of his head for a group. Thus the inbred child Nashville

Pussy was born."

SLUG: "Who were you playing with before?"

CP: "I was just playing with a bunch of different bands. I was playing with the only punk rock band in Chapel Hill, North Carolina and visiting my family. I met Blaine at the Sleazefest and Ruyter, his wife, he met while Hammer was touring in Canada and it was kind of a one night stand gone really wrong. She had been booking Hammer and she's this phenomenal guitar player who couldn't find anyone to jam with in Nashville. I'd actually met him and I was telling him I had an idea for doing an all chick cock rock band like the Runaways, but actually fucking rock and kick ass. He was like, 'you gotta meet my wife Ruyter, she's this phenomenal guitar player.' I hooked up with her and we talked and talked and with the distance, we lived about 500 miles apart, and we couldn't get anything going. When Hammer got back from Japan it was kind of a nightmare and they weren't getting along very well. I think Scott Luallen is quite an asshole. They got back and Blaine called me back and said we're doing a super group, would you be interested in coming up and trying out for bass. I said, 'Oh, by the way, did I tell you I breath fire?' He was like, 'you're in the band before you've played a note.'"

SLUG: "How did you learn to breath fire?"

CP: "I just kind of winged it. Sort of like the way I learned to play bass. I just picked it up. I've always been fascinated with fire. I had an ex-boyfriend that did it and I watched him do it enough times I figured I could try it on my own and I did. I'm clocking in at around 700 actual fireballs so far with Pussy. When this band ends I won't ever do it again."

SLUG: "How about Jeremy Thompson the drummer?"

CP: "He was a fan, he was our third drummer actually. Me and Blaine and Ruyter started the band and we went through a couple of drummers and finally found Jeremy and found somebody that was as into it as we were. We met him, it was in Austin, Texas, and he was a fan down in the front row. He was playing in a band called the Phantom Creeps and we played their last show with them. Shit, man, we called him up and said, 'do you wanna try out for drums?' He showed up on our doorstep on Friday the 13th with his drums in a suitcase and said, 'I'm in.' He sort of weaseled his way into our hearts."

SLUG: "Who played with the Cynics?"

CP: "Max Teresaro was our second drummer from the Cynics. He played with them for about six years. We hired him on. Like I said, we had to go through two. Our first drummer, Adam, sings for the Hookers. He was always real into the Hookers and he was Hammer's last drummer. We jammed at his house. If it wasn't for him the band wouldn't have got started. That's for damn sure. We'd be tagging Nashville Pussy and he'd be tagging Hookers all over everything. That was his first priority. We needed to find a fourth that was into Nashville Pussy as much as we were."

Nashville Pussy's album was released by Amphetamine Reptile in January 1998. It was reviewed in *SLUG* at that time. The band is now signed to Mercury and the label has supposedly reissued *Let Them Eat Pussy*. At the time this is written I still haven't seen a copy.

SLUG: "How did you go from AmRep to Mercury?"

CP: "I'll tell you sweetheart it's been a real natural progression. All the way up from the singles, all the way to doing the full-length with AmRep, we've outgrown every label

we've gotten on. They couldn't really handle the volume. Which is the same with AmRep. They couldn't handle the amount of records we were selling. They couldn't order quick enough to keep them in stock. It was a matter of taking the next step. Even all the way down to the singles. We never made a press kit, we never approached anybody, we just played live rock 'n' roll. Everybody sort of came to us. Of course when you get to a level where you're making the kind of money where people like that start taking notice it puts you in a good position because you're also in a good position where you can dictate things. No one's going to tell you what to do when they're coming to you. They want you. You don't have to try to conform or convert to anything. They want us to be exactly the way we are. We started getting courted by all the majors and we ended up going with Mercury because, first of all we're the first hard rock band signed to Mercury in ten years. It's just us and Kiss. We like Tom Zutaut. Danny Goldberg, the President of Mercury, has hired Tom Zutaut to revive the label and the guy signed Mötley Crüe and Guns and Roses. He's been around for a long time. He heard our CD and two days later flew to see us in Detroit and looked like a fucking kid on Christmas morning. He had posters sticking out of every orifice and he was genuinely excited. It's the first person we've met that's been able to bring things to the plate besides us. We're completely self-supporting. We booked ourselves until we got a booking agent. I still do all the marketing and merchandise and record layouts and stuff like that. Now I've got a team of people who are working with me on it. Nothing's really changed, it's just we've got more people working for us now. Maybe now we can afford to get the kind of fucking lights that we want to do a big rock show and all the things that lend to playing a good live show. It's takes a little capitol to do that....That's all it is pretty much....Ain't nothing going to change about the Pussy. We're exactly the way we are. We don't know how to be any different. We're just a bunch of greasy rednecks from down south and we live and die for rock 'n' roll.

SLUG: "Is there any silicone present?"

CP: "No silicone."

SLUG: "It's all real?"

CP: "It's all real." SLUG: "You do all the graphic art?"

CP: "Well, yeah. I do the...My line of thinking. I don't really do the artwork or anything. My line of thinking is like, when a kid listens to your record, our record in particular, which is 28 minutes long, he wants to lay down on his bed or jump around in his fucking room or whatever and look at pictures of that band. The singles I always tried to do a real cool something on the cover, but when it came

down to the CD and the repackaging – Mercury's CD will be completely repackaged. The one for AmRep I only had four sides to work with – two black and white on the inside and two color on the outside. Now, the Mercury one actually has, it folds out to 12, full color front and back. It's got a whole collage of live pictures and all the pictures that were in the original one. Then you flip the thing over and it folds out to a locker-sized poster from the same shoot we did the cover of the record from. But the picture is even twice as explicit. I think you get two nipples for the price of one. Plus the initial pressing is going to have a bonus CD shrink wrapped to the back. It's called *Eat More Pussy*. It's got six covers on it. We do...It's all the...they bought all the original recordings we did. It's all covers. We do AC/DC "Kicked In The Teeth," Rose Tattoo "Nice Boys Don't Play Rock 'N' Roll, Mitch Ryder "Sock It To Me Baby," The Saints "Misunderstood," let's see, what else is on there? Aerosmith's version of "Milk Cow Blues," some old ditties. It'll be good."

SLUG: "Is your equipment vintage?"

CP: "Yeah, we all play on vintage stuff. Brian plays a '57 Les Paul and Ruyter plays a, oh God, I don't know what year her SG is. All old amps. I play a '78 Jazz Bass and I have a '62 T bass. I'm playing a '68 amp. The thing is, equipment and cars. Things you want to buy, you want to buy old and you want to buy American. There was a lot of pride in the craft back then. Things were made differently, they sound differently. We prefer vintage equipment. American made."

The AmRep press kit contains a clipping where Parks is quoted as saying that her "vice of choice" is "fucking on speed."

CP: "Well, I'll tell ya. That was...when I did that it was for a paper in Boston about a year ago. I was pretty wild and crazy back then. I'm actually...let's see. Do we play Salt Lake City before Las Vegas? I'm actually getting married in Las Vegas. I might be a married woman when I see you."

SLUG: "Who are you getting married to?"

CP: "He's my garbage man."

SLUG: Cool. The only reason I picked that quote out is because Salt Lake City is one of the #1, not #1, but..."

CP: "Meth capitals?"

SLUG: "Yeah."

CP: "Oh, no shit? Really? I'd like to do some good speed. I haven't done any good speed in awhile. I've been such a good girl lately. He's been making an honest woman out of me. Believe it or not. Shit. Hell yeah man. Bring it on!"

SLUG: "The Hookers are friends of yours and I guess the Candy Snatchers are too."

CP: "Yep, both of them are really good friends of ours. They're fucking awesome.

They're two of the best live bands. Two of the best rock 'n' roll bands in the fucking country and two of the only bands that can follow us and take our crowd after we've beaten them into submission and make 'em look like there's a feeding frenzy going on the floor. They're bouncing off the God damn walls. The singer for the Hookers, Big Adam Neal, was our first drummer. The Hookers record, *Satan's Highway*, in my opinion, is the *Highway To Hell* of the new millennium. They're just a lot of chaos and rock 'n' roll and blood. The Candy Snatchers always seem to get fucking bloody. I don't know how the hell it happens, but someone ends up fucking bleeding man. These guys are the real fucking deal. There aren't many punk rock bands out there, punk rock 'n' roll bands, 'cause they can actually play, that walk the fucking walk. And both of these bands walk the fucking walk. There just ain't no bullshit about it. It ain't contrived, it ain't planned, shit happens when these guys play. The three weeks we're doing with the Snatchers and the Hookers are the most exciting rock 'n' roll shows that are gonna happen in the last five years or to happen in the next five. You got one punch after the fucking other. It's gonna be an unbelievable night of rock 'n' roll. You definitely don't want to miss it." After asking about her brother, Cherokee Parks, who plays for the Minnesota Timberwolves, I thanked Corey Parks profusely for the conversation.

CP: "It was good talking to you. Make sure you come up to me in Salt Lake City. Bring me some speed and we'll go have a shot at the bar."

I probably won't bring any speed because I don't know where to get any. I will be more than happy to have a shot with Corey Parks at the bar. The bar is the Zephyr. The date is Tuesday, September 15. Be very prepared for a night like Salt Lake City rarely sees. *Let Them Eat Pussy* is indeed 28 minutes of joy. As I already divulged the repackaged CD contains a photo collage. The photos were taken by fans and they depict Pussy on stage. As Parks describes it there are five different shots of each Pussy and she said, "We're all sweaty and good – sticky, sweaty and good." Ah yes, photos of sticky, sweaty, good Pussy. Any further questions concerning Pussy are answered by the only cover song on the original album. Smokey Robinson wrote it. "First I Look At the Purse" was a hit for the Contours in the mid-'60s. The J. Geils Band covered it in 1972. It is usually best to take a peek before eating and the purse Blaine Cartwright sings about ain't hanging from no shoulder strap.

Carter

Crass Dismissed

By Jeb Brainin

"You're talking to someone who really understands rock music" - Tipper Gore

MOTORSAGENSERVICE

Du Habt Gottes Sagen
3" CD

This tiny piece of plastic packs plenty of punch. MOTORSAGENSERVICE spew out a buzzsaw blend of crust, grind, hardcore, noise and even some metal (especially on tracks 7 & 8). The music is punishing from start to finish with an emphasis on speed and fury sometimes with the excessiveness of blur.

The variety of vocal style used gives the disc some distinction although everything is harsh and maniacal, no clean vocals here! I know absolutely

nothing about this band but I certainly hope I will hear more from them in the future because this is one of the best things reviewed in this issue. (S.O.A. Records Via Oderisi da Gubbio, 67/69 00146 Roma, Italy)

BLUE YARD GARDEN
No Good Sundays
CD

BLUE YARD GARDEN may be the most underrated rock 'n' roll band playing. Their soul scraping emotion is packaged in easily digestible pop tunes. Their blues influence is readily apparent and their finesse is unparalleled amongst even major label acts who might be considered "peers" to BYG. "No Good Sundays" finds the band taking even bolder strides in carving out their own niche in pop music. Although even more catchy than its predecessor

"On the Galaxy", this album utilizes less traditional pop structures and more distinctive arrangements. BYG have managed to create something that is both radio friendly and genuine --- no easy task.

(<http://www.blueyardgarden.com>)

INFAMY

The Blood Shall Flow
CD

INFAMY play raw, harsh death in the California vein... Fast, furious, and fierce. They utilize all the elements of death metal that make it exciting: Throat tearing vocals,



rapid fire drums, technical guitars, harsh riffs, and violent lyrical imagery. The production is raw and in your face and helps give the CD a '91 quality when death metal was in its prime. On a sad note INFAMY's vocalist/bassist Joshua 'Jagger' Heatley passed away recently.

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or
<http://www.repulse-usa.com/>
or repulse-usa@fix.net)

TOXIC BONKERS
If The Dead Could Talk
CD

The cover art for this CD ranks right up there amongst the most brutal and disturbing I've ever seen. However, instead of being used for mere shock purposes or to "gore-ify" the horrific photo is a commentary on man's inhumanity to man that is a fitting, albeit unnerving, visual symbol of the band's political grind. Hailing from Poland, TOXIC BONKERS carries on that country's reputation of producing high quality, extreme bands. With their hardcore punk roots worn proudly on their sleeves, T.B.'s lyrical messages are pointed dissertations on the state of the world and the state of the scene. The lyrics are split between Polish and English which is cool because I think more bands ought to give their native languages a try in their lyrics. (S.O.A. Records Via Oderisi da Gubbio, 67/69 00146 Roma, Italy)

ABRAMELIN
s/t
CD

Although this band has been a major figure in the Australian death scene since they played under the moniker ACHERON back in the early nineties, they have remained fairly obscure in the rest of the world due to little or no overseas promotion from their various labels.

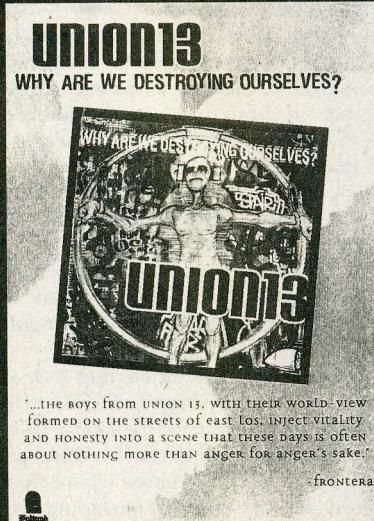


repulse-usa@fix.net)

RAIN ON THE PARADE
Body Bag e.p.
CD

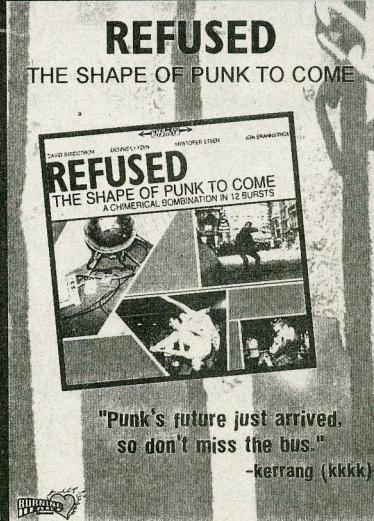
This is totally ripping late eighties vibe sXe hardcore. This is the kind of stuff I lived and breathed for years. This is too good to think of as a "throwback" record. It is just a GREAT hardcore record. Group choruses, lyrics with just enough attitude to be pissed but just enough hope to be posi-core. The songs are quick blasts of pounding, rhythmic fire. Maybe YOT meets INSTED? I totally love every second of this!! (Soulforce Records, Spain or Contention Records Apt. 1402, 206 S. 13th St., Philadelphia, PA 19107)

Corrupting the World, One Nation At A Time



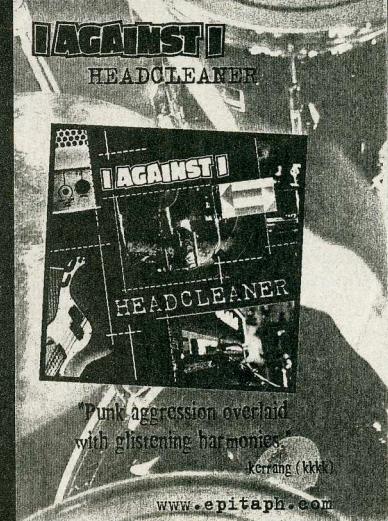
"...the boys from UNION 13, with their world-view formed on the streets of east Los, inject vitality and honesty into a scene that these days is often about nothing more than anger for anger's sake."

FRONTERA



"Punk's future just arrived,
so don't miss the bus."

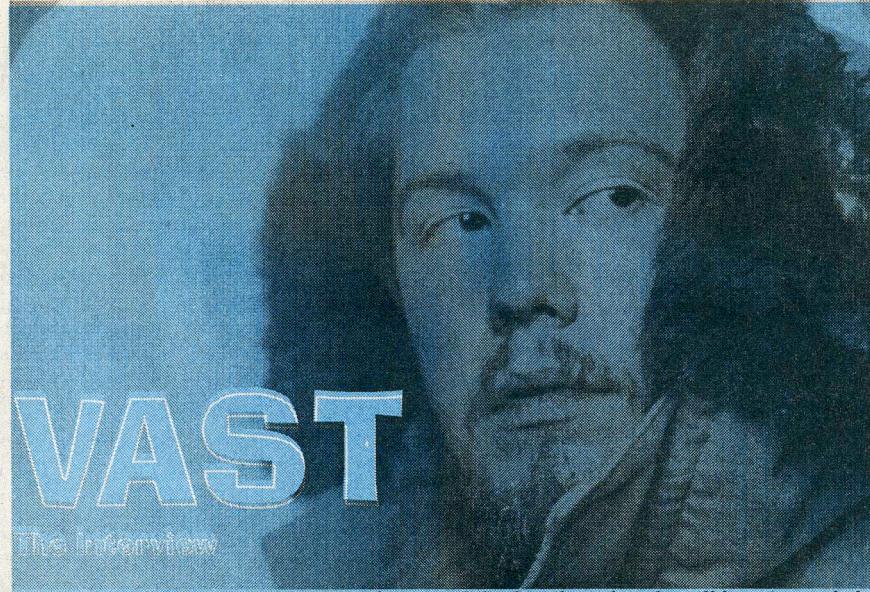
-kerrang (kkk)



"Punk aggression overlaid with glistening harmonies."

-kerrang (kkk)

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VAST

The Interview

Visual Audio Sensory Theater, or better known as VAST is going to turn a lot of heads. Their debut, self-titled CD was released on Elektra in March. You better take notice because there is a quiet storm brewing and before you know it, it's going to be raining hard on your weak ass.

22 year old Jon Crosby is the master mind behind VAST. Even at such a young age he is a well seasoned player, not some rookie off the street.

Ya see, at the age of 13 Mr. Crosby was written up in *Guitar Player* magazine as one of the young guitarists to watch. As far as I can tell, the thing that Jon Crosby and VAST brings to the party is technical detailing and depth. Technically, this stuff is pretty much light years ahead of what passes for music on your radio dial.

But, regardless of what I say, until you listen to this disc, until you hear the music for yourself, you won't get it, or understand it. VAST will change the climate of music. If not now, somewhere, sometime, down the road. I don't have to tell you that in today's music, lines and categories are blurred. Music is like a huge painting done with water colors and someone left it out in the rain. All the colors, all the music styles run together, they run into each other, creating something new, and hopefully something original.

VAST takes various parts and pieces of metal, goth, electronic and best of all, classical and throws them into a great big boiling pot of sound, and mixes them around. Add an 18-piece orchestra, samples from the Bulgarian Female Choir and the Benedictine Monks of the Abbey of Saint-Mauer, Cleraux, and some heavy guitar chords and I think it's safe to say you're not messing with any of the new light-weight bands on the radio or on MTV. But then again, you know as well as

I do that those bands will be a just a faded memory in about 6-8 weeks.

I had the opportunity to speak with Jon Crosby last week. He was in DC checking out the Clinton scandal first hand and getting ready to play live. I was in Ogden drinking a cold Coke, checking out a whole lotta nothin'.

Jon Crosby: With everything going on down here, it's insane. Did you hear some of the stuff that Monica Lewinsky is testifying?

Slug: A little bit. What do you think about all that?

JC: I think it's kind of a sign of the times. I mean, you know, you don't have to be a hardcore, bible-thumping, right-winged, Christian Southern guy to have morals and to believe in truth.

Slug: Yea, that's exactly right. Well, we live in a different age too, than ever before with the media and the access to information. People are willing to be paid off for information that they have and that didn't happen 20 years ago.

JC: Yea, it seems kinda like people don't realize somehow that information isn't the same as wisdom and knowing something isn't the same as understanding something.

Slug: Right. (technical, didn't I tell you?) So, you've never been in DC before huh, do you like it?

JC: Not too much, it feels a little segregated. I'm used to California, that's where I'm from. In a lot of these other states, it feels like white and black people live totally separate lives, and it bothers me.

Slug: Do you have a full-on band? How many other people do you play live with?

JC: Me and three other guys. There's four of us.

Slug: What instruments do you play

with this tour?

JC: Just guitar and singing.

Slug: Are you actually on tour, or are you just doing some sporadic dates, here and there?

JC: We're on tour. We're about half way done. I think we are going to be touring for awhile. It was a five week tour, then I'm going to go over to Germany, then when I get back we will begin our fall tour.

Slug: How are the audiences reacting to you?

JC: Great! People seem to really enjoy it. It's been a little mixed because this is our first tour and the record came out a little while ago. Some of the shows, the attendance is good. We sold out shows in New York and that was great. We've only had two shows that I didn't think were that good. Well, two shows that sucked, and one show that wasn't that good. We played a small club in St. Louis that was a drag.

And we played a small club in Cleveland that was a drag, and then we did a show in Cincinnati that I didn't think was that good. But the rest of them, I thought were amazing.

Slug: What makes you think they were not good? Was it the audience? Song execution? Was it the whole feeling?

JC: I think that when we play in the real small places, something doesn't work and I don't know why. When you play in 200 seat places the vibe in the club is kinda strange for the kind of music we are doing, it doesn't work. The show in Cincinnati, we were supporting *Psychotica* and it was just mixed. Half of the crowd was there to see us, and the other half never heard of us and they could have cared less. It was alright, but we did have some technical problems. But as far as the performance of the band, they/we were good.

Slug: When was the CD recorded?

JC: Me and the producer started working on it, on the computer, in his apartment in June of '97. Then we ended up mixing it, and finishing it at the end of January '98.

Slug: Do you listen to it much now, or not really just because you play so much of it live?

JC: We play it live, like everyday. We are playing 4 or 5 shows a week.

Slug: So it's not like you just pop it into the CD player and listen to it.

JC: Well, I love listening to it, and we didn't start the tour until July. I used to listen to it like everyday, for months.

Slug: Do you have a favorite track?

JC: I went in phases where there were sections of songs, or groupings of songs that I really liked. Overall there's personal songs that mean a little more to me,

than others, just because what they remind me of, or what inspired me to write them. *Flames* means a lot to me, it's a personal song. But I don't enjoy those personal songs more, nor do I like listening to them more than the other songs on the record.

Slug: What do you like playing live the best? What do you think comes off really well?

JC: Well, it's funny. The *Niles Edge* I enjoy listening to a lot. But playing live sometimes can be a little awkward to sing. I don't know, I enjoy playing them all live. *Three Doors* is a little older so it feels a lot different than playing the song, I'm Dying.

Slug: What bands have you seen live that inspired you?

JC: When I was growing up in Humboldt County, in California live bands never played there. The first show I ever saw was Stevie Ray Vaughn. He was the only artist that actually came out there. That was amazing.

For my second show I drove down and saw Metallica and that was pretty amazing. I would have to say Metallica. They played in the Coliseum and there were 80,000 people singing along to every word. That was pretty inspiring.

Slug: Well, to be able to see Metallica in a realm like that, and then to have Lars Ulrich say, "one of the best debut albums I've heard in a long, long time. It hits you on so many levels. It's been a record I've been listening to over and over." And then they send that quote out on your bio page, that's gotta be pretty cool.

JC: Yea, it was really shocking to see him on MTV talking about my music. I wasn't expecting that, ya know. I can't think of anybody that would be more validating.

Slug: What are you currently listening to?

JC: I kinda dig out a lot of things that are older. I've been listening to a lot of Dead Can Dance. I've been really influenced by them. I bought all their stuff, like a week ago, so I've been listening to all that. I like nice records. I like

Synchronicity by the Police, I like Sgt. Pepper's by the Beatles, Dark Side of the Moon by Pink Floyd. I like Pretty Hate Machine, I like Nevermind. I like Joshua Tree, Rattle and Hum, Achting Baby. I like Depeche Mode stuff. I like Bob Marley. Actually, the record I just listened to the other day, that I used to listen to all the time and it just totally blew my mind was Blood Sugar Sex Magic. I don't think that any other record grooves more than that thing does. I just like music that touches me, that is real and that I can feel. I can grow into it. Most of my favorite bands, I didn't like the first time I heard them.

Slug: What do you think about Prince/The Artist?

PC: Considering how much stuff he's done, he's so prolific, I haven't heard that much. He's done a lot of really amazing stuff, that's for sure.

Slug: How many instruments do you play?

PC: (real casual...) Um. Just umm, I sing, I play guitar and bass, keyboards and the piano, drums and I work with sequencers, samplers and stuff.

Slug: Have you had any formal training? Like guitar theory, or jazz theory or lessons like that?

PC: Not really. I was mainly self taught, but I did have an instructor that I would see once a week or once a month, or whatever. He would keep me on track. I recommend going to somebody that would push you to do things and try things, that you might not do on your own.

Slug: Are you coming to Salt Lake City?

PC: Yea, we're playing a place called the Holy Cow...

Well, you heard it directly from VAST, they will be playing live at the Holy Cow on Sunday September 6th. Believe me, I don't think you want to miss this one. And if you do miss this, you might as well start kicking yourself right now.

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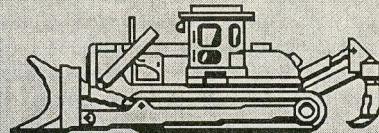
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LAME ASS CONCERT PREVUZE



Hype, hype and more hype. PCP Berserker. As usual there is a lot of other material to cover this month. For the shit pick up a daily newspaper. SLUG is where the info on music appears. Mistakes are frequent because I'm a lame ass and people lie to me and I print information I find on the Internet and the Internet is mostly lies. Don't ever believe everything printed in SLUG. I'm writing about some of this bullshit over a month before it happens. Call the venues, look for flyers and read the other street papers. The Internet is for misinformation, porno and lonely souls lacking lives. Spending all night in an Internet "chat room"? Why not end it all? I did indeed write those word before the "study" was published. No brainer there. Before the Olympics arrive could we please have a local web site dedicated to polygamist sex? The more incest the better and could we please also view the malformed offspring living in chicken coops behind the main residences? Like incest and malformed offspring are new to Utah? Like, I just woke up. Call me Rip Van Ervil Winkel Does "one" desire a smidgen of social commentary in a society ruled by patriars?

Here are the SLUG "critics picks" for September. But first...Did I forget to write about H.O.R.D.E. last month? Fuck! Kool called and they said to mention Chola. I just did. Happy now? Other things in September I didn't cover included Whiskeytown, Jazz Mandolin Project, Reggae at the Bird, Wayne "The Train" Hancock, God Lives Underwater, Ledward Kaapana, ICP, Kottonmouth Kings, Phunk Junkeez and the California Guitar Trio. It's September 6. 12 Rounds and Vast are at the Holy Cow. Industrial rock and techno goth and dark hordes tripping while reggae in the form of Pato Banton takes place at the Zephyr. Good reports on 12 Rounds live are coming in. The VAST CD grows fonder with familiarity. Be there! Next night take your pick again. Is it Metallica, the tortured boy singer from Days of the New and Jerry Cantrell without chains or Alice in Ogden or is it swinging jumping blues at the Dead Goat with Mark Hummel? This is not the last time you will read "swinging jumping blues" in the Lame Ass portion of SLUG. The date is now August 8. moe. is the good hippie group at the Zephyr. Good hippie groups are as rare as a good hippie and moe. is indeed a good hippie group. A sense of humor tends to do that to a hippie group. Skip to September 10 because I can't deal with September 9 at the Zephyr. R.I.P. AJ. 7 Mary 3 has taken a dive back to club status. "Fax me a request for a press kit." What?

Well! Where's Angelica? Aren't you new people self-important? Like I want to listen to or write about 7 Mary 3 anyway. Feeder is the opening act and they were kind enough to send materials without a faxed request. Go see Feeder at DV8 and leave. Head over to the Zephyr for PCP Berserker.

The Utah State Fair begins on 9/11. I'll dispense with it in a few sentences, but first the Squirrel Nut Zippers are visiting. Look fuckers. The Squirrel Nut Zippers are not playing big band music. They are not exactly playing swing either. Have you ever heard of New Orleans?

Dixieland? Django Reinhardt? Have you ever heard of Kid Ory or Scott Joplin or Fred Van Eps or Sidney Bechet or...fuck it. Take ragtime, New Orleans, small band jump and fry with squirrel nuts. Bio Ritmo is the opening act and they don't play swing either. Take off the spectators and mope. Cuban salsa meets the impossible to categorize Squirrel Nut Zippers. Now pull up the braces, grab your doll and go. It's at the Omni in Provo. It is time for the Utah State Fair. See Cheap Trick. Read about 'N Sync in the Salt Lake Tribune. Skip everything else except the rasslin on September 20 at 6:00 p.m. and see Lynyrd Skynyrd on September 18. Yell "Freebird" from the opening guitar chord. Yell "where's Ronnie?" I know that's cruel, but seeing Lynyrd Skynyrd



SQUIRREL NUT ZIPPERS

cheese sandwiches in the E Center parking lot. Hold one finger in the air. If a miracle occurs immediately scalp the ticket. Ratdog or Catrat or Dogcat or someone is playing. Strangefolk is the horrible opening act. The same night Madball is over at the Tower Theater with H2O. Look for flyers. Please don't bring the cheese sandwiches acquired at the E Center and don't wear those leather sandals or your mountain man deerskin pants and for hell's sakes do not smoke! Are you stupid?

Ahmad Jamal opens the Jazz at the Hilton season on the exact same night. My advice is to use the money earned by selling the Ratdog miracle and attend Jamal. If there isn't a miracle hop the fence and sneak into Cheap Trick at the Fair or go for Culture at the Safari

or go for the Chicago Rhythm & Blues Kings at the Dead Goat. Jesus, that's all on a Monday night?

Midway through the month some God damned music appears. Quit your job and get some emergency cash from the Workforce office. I read where they dole out lump sums to those who aren't expected to be unemployed very long. That is you, the loyal SLUG reader. It's one minimum wage job to the next. Why not get a Workforce job? On October 15 Nashville Pussy is at the Zephyr. Read more about them on another page. That is God damned music. Page and Plant will likely visit the Zephyr for Nashville Pussy after completing their big arena gig. Rest for about 12 hours and be prepared for another night. Or maybe not. Clay Walker at the Fair? Not. Roger Whitaker at Abravanel Hall? Not. The Call at Liquid Joe's? Not. Anus Poetry releasing another CD at DV8? Not. Why not? Fuck Anus Poetry. The real Depeche Mode will be here in December. They Might Be Giants at the Wasatch Events Center? Maybe. Bela Fleck at the U? Maybe. Soul Patrol at the Gallivan Center? Do it and afterwards head to the Zephyr for country-swing-Tex-Mex-a-boogie. That is the place for the Cigar Store Indians with Atomic Deluxe as the openers. Tired yet?

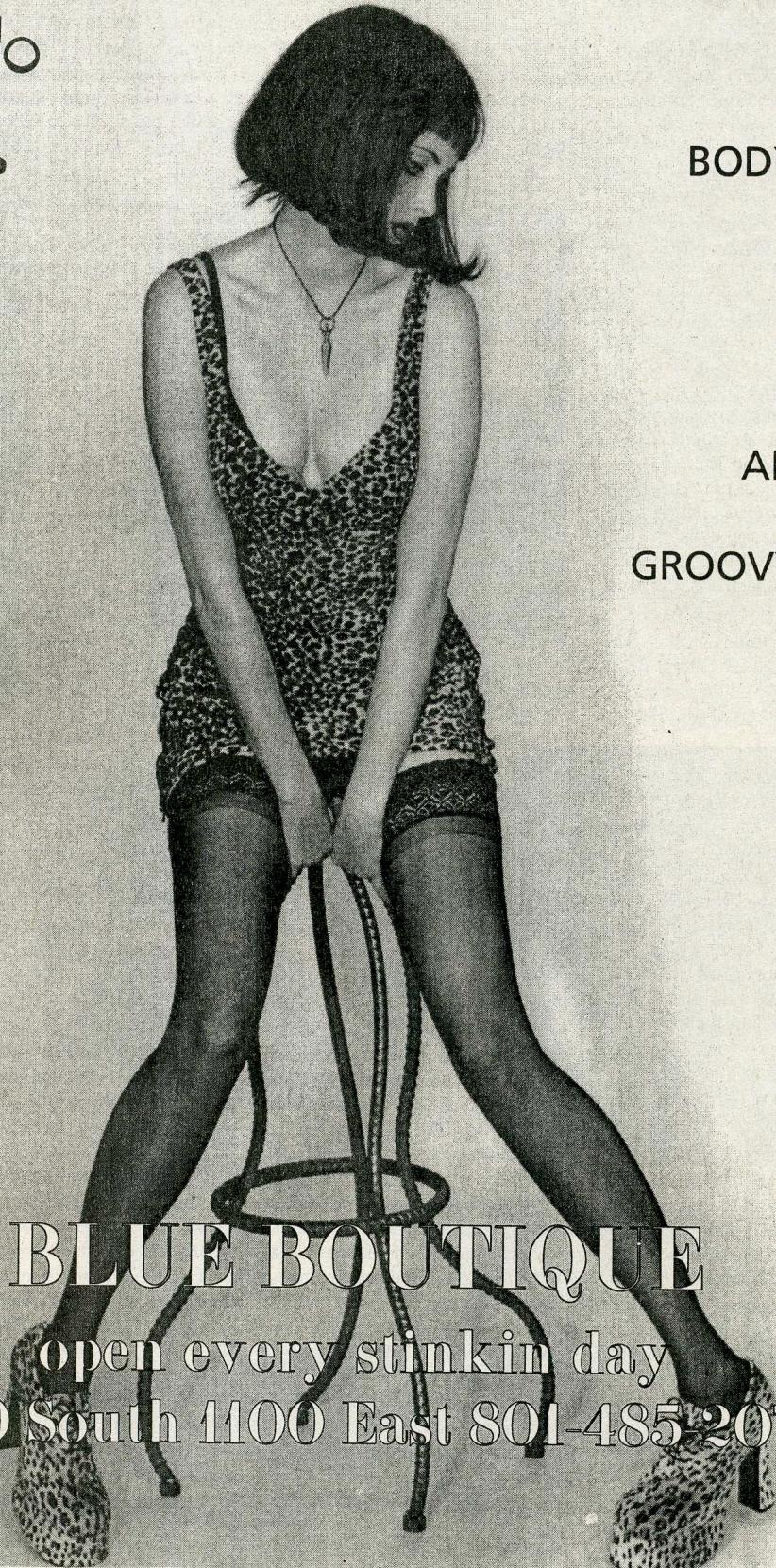
On September 17 the Chrome Addicts are playing at the Zephyr with the Dime Store Deacons. Skip everything else and visit the Zephyr. Not that the loyal SLUG reader is planning to attend the Rippingtons, Neal McCoy, or Joan Baez anyway. The Chrome Addicts play jump blues. Okay I'm going to trick you now. The



Keb Mo

If Helfgott can do it how come Syd Barrett and Roky Erickson don't tour? The same night buy

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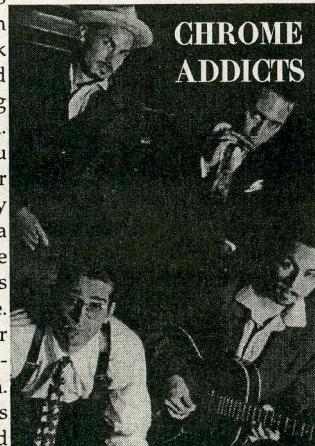
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Chrome Addicts actually play jump swing. Most of you seem to believe that small combo jump blues is now called big band swing anyway so I'll play along. Dress up in a zoot suit. By the way zoot suits came into vogue after World War II. Big bands were mostly finished at the time. Big Joe Turner played jump blues and since most of you believe that "Flip Flop and Fly" and "Jump Jive An' Wail" (Louis Prima, 1956) are big band swing numbers I'll leave you to your misery.

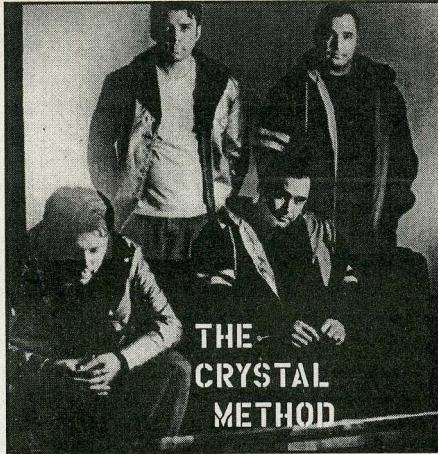
Finally the weekend. What to do on Friday night? You have your choice of the WWF Ultimate Rumble in Orem, Missing Persons at the Holy Cow, the Rugrats at the E Center, The Given at the Zephyr, King Rat at ABG's, Faith and Disease with Trance To The Sun at Area 51, Lynyrd Skynyrd, Dave Mallett with the Blue Gorillas at the Fine Arts Auditorium or Garbage with Girls Against Boys at the Wasatch Events Center. Due to the presence of Girls Against Boys I'm picking it as the show of the evening. Forget about torturing the remains of poor Skynyrd. On Saturday night it's time to travel. The Bomboras are at ABG's in Provo. The Bomboras impressed Rob Zombie and now "one" can find their latest CD at the fucking mall. They have a major label deal. Fucking Christ, it's a Grateful Dead/Ratdog miracle. The Bomboras play intense, rocking surf music with horror and comic book influences, I think? Is that right Jason? Jason? Fucker. The Swamp Donkeys are opening with Satanic death metal and surf. See Jason play guitar and do not spit at him. Save it for the Unlucky Boys. Sleep in Provo and go to church hungover in the morning. Look for abuse and polygamy among the congregation. See the female you picked up at the bar sitting chastely by her husband in a pew. Have a smoke with the deacons after the service. Manhattan Transfer will play for yuppies in the north. Their latest disc is quite good and



incredibly enough it is titled Swinging. I'd be all over this show except the audience, as already mentioned, is boomer and the venue is sit-down. Manhattan Transfer is in Ogden the same night as the Bomboras visit Provo. Drive home from Provo in time to see Heather Nova at DV8. The last one was titled Oyster and the new CD is Siren. Heather Nova is so sexy that she makes all the other female singers seem like plain brown field mice, even Fiona Apple. If she brings the cello player she had with her when she last visited the Bar & Grill males will swoon. "Show us your tits" The shouter is quite obviously from Utah County. Monday night is for the blues and it looks like Tuesday night is for the blues as well. Johnny Bassett is over at the Dead Goat on

Monday and Phillip Walker is at Beatrik's in Ogden on Tuesday. This is one for a coin toss because Thirsty Alley is playing at the Zephyr on Monday. Pay two bars a visit. In case I've lost you the date last discussed was September 22 and if a drive to Ogden isn't attractive the Uneven are at the Zephyr.

The middle of another week has arrived. Chris Duarte is very popular in Utah. He is so popular that the Zephyr has booked him for two nights in the middle of the week. Duarte is certainly a talented guitarist. He's actually better than his



younger brother Kenny Wayne. The first night of Vaughan's, Hendrix's Duarte's two he is competing with punk rock. I have the Subhumans and the Criminals scheduled for DV8. The

Subhumans are still around? Look for flyers and put out the smokes. The date is still September 23 and Dub Narcotic Sound System is at the Moroccan. That means Calvin Johnson and that also means the group has a brand new album. Live dub and probably members of the Dead Presidents as backing musicians. Call 297-2125 for more information. Back to the second night of Duarte's two. He's competing with techno. Crystal Method headlines over at Bricks. This show will bring a diversity of culture to Bricks. Everything from old hippies to young hippies to goths to club kids to God only knows will pack Bricks. Take a camera and some of those disposable neon light things. If it all seems too trendy or too popular there's always Provo. The Hollisters are the best entertainment around. These fuckers are hysterical and they play some down home honky tonk music that is required. Fer hell's sakes. If the farmers in American Fork, Spanish Fork or Lehi heard about these fucking redneck honky tonk comedians they'd drive a God damned John Deere combine to ABG's. By the way the humor isn't stupid like Jeff Foxworthy. All of this music takes place on Thursday, September 24. She said, "are you finished yet?" "Almost baby. Lie still." Italian music is at the U on September 25. Career comebacks are at Sundance and the Young Dubliners begin the weekend at the Zephyr. How come the old Dubliners never tour? Saturday night, September

26, is not looking good. I still have the Young Dubliners at the Zephyr. Check for local bands around town. Go to Burt's Tiki Lounge.

Tripping Daisy is at the Zephyr on September 27. That's exciting for some I'm sure. The Glenmont Popes are on my schedule for ABG's in Provo. There may be a change so call a hotline. Two more interesting shows remain during the month. Theodis Easley is the guy for KRCL's "Live Blues Broadcast." He is an actual bluesman and not one of those white kids with a Stratocaster. The Dead Goat is the spot and the date is September 28. Deke Dickerson isn't visiting Salt Lake City unless a Ratdog miracle occurs. I'm sure you are all very familiar with the Dave & Deke Combo, Ecophonie Records, the Untamed Youth and so on and so forth. You do know who Deke Dickerson is don't you? I didn't think so. Why do you think he's playing in Provo on the last day of September? There are fucking knowledgeable people in Provo? Duh! Provo residents visit clubs to hear interesting music because they can't rent cable ready videos and they can't see pasties on tits. What else you gonna do except fuck your cousin, get drunk or abuse prescription medications? In Salt Lake they read the newspaper and travel like migrating geese to whatever arena the newspaper tells them to visit.

Now for early October. Do you think I'd leave you waiting for SLUG as the live music passes by again? Kurt Bestor begins celebrating Christmas on October 1. This is his money time. He'll be employing a host of locals and playing at Abravanel Hall. God bless him. Bless his heart. The Reverend Horton Heat is playing with reo speedealer on October 2 at the Tower. reo speedealer finally got sued by the dinosaurs. Watch for a new name in the near future. Candlebox is rescheduled for the exact same night at DV8. Who ya going to call? JGB, which translates to Jerry Garcia Band, returns to the Holy Cow on the exact same night. Jam-on brother. Peace! The exact same night is finally complete and on October 3 hardcore visits the Tower. I know, I know. Do you think I'm as stupid as the Evil SLUG Boss does? It's called the Spirit of Unity Tour. In the spirit of unity the Dropkick Murphy's probably won't beat any one's ass because they aren't Irish. These boys rock 'n' roll and I believe this is their first visit. Out of their fucking minds I say. The U.S. Bombs fell through a Tuff Shed roof into the garage and Agnostic Front is so hardcore I'm scared. X-96 finally manages to pull off another big ass show. We've been over this before. Listen to the radio for details. If it appears more half-assed than big assed at this point then that is corporate radio in the '90s. Where's the '80s "new wave" headliner this year? Flip those burgers. Play that alternative rock. Discover jump blues. Pretend to love techno and trip hop. Play more alternative rock. Play any band that sounds just like any other band already on the radio. Play with yourself. Where in the fuck is Allen Freed when we need a Payola investigation? Good-bye.

Michelle Britain



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This interview is printed in *SLUG* Magazine because *SLUG* Magazine still believes in the Constitution. No other publication in Salt Lake City, street or otherwise, would dare print what follows. The setting for this interview deserves some attention. The Vortex Club appears to be

newest member of the Circus failed in his attempts to juggle fire Tommy the Torture King stood with an unlit cigarette in his mouth. Lord struck the cigarette from his lips with a bullwhip. Next trick. Lord stuck a nail and a screw up his own nose. Next trick. Lord ate live crickets. Next trick.

Salt Lake, unfortunately, trying to contend with the Mormons, October 2nd through 30th at the Avalon Theater. 3605 South State Street. We'll also be back here at Club Axis on the 30th for the big Halloween Ball."

SLUG: "How come you didn't do more



under near constant police surveillance. When I arrived for the Vampire Ball an entire squadron of bicycle police were parked outside. When they determined that the vampires weren't committing any crimes I was left with a Salt Lake County Sheriff's deputy. Since I was well acquainted with the deputy I chatted with him for awhile. I learned that on Wednesday and Thursday nights the Vortex receives special attention. Apparently the "neighborhood" attracts a significant number of "gays." The police are attempting to protect the "gays" from the "deviates" patronizing the Vortex. Or so the deputy said. I learned that "gays" from as far away as the Deer Hunter, Shooterz and Bricks travel to Exchange Place after-hours. But it was only 10:30 p.m. Reportedly there have been at least two full-on riots in the neighborhood in the past. Patrons not dressed in black were discouraged from entering the club. "You don't want to go in there, it's the Vampire Ball." The Vampire Ball was silly. Females dressed in their black underwear and males wearing capes Grateful Dead danced to music lacking any decipherable beat as man-made smoke swirled about them. I seriously feared for my life.

Vincent Lord finally arrived. After the

Tommy the Torture King stood motionless as Lord threw darts into his bare back. Then Lord removed them. Next trick. Tommy the Torture King donned protective headgear. Lord and an assistant placed a wire screen covered with firecrackers close to Tommy's body. Too close for comfort? Then they lit the firecrackers. Tommy endured over 500 firecracker explosions. That was the end.

Here is my conversation with Vincent Lord transcribed almost exactly as it occurred. SLUG: "Tell me what else you have, there has to be more than darts and firecrackers." Vincent Lord: "Okay, we've got the bed of nails, 1,600 nails, in which we lay Tommy the Torture King. We break a world record by having four people stand on him, over 800 pounds of pressure. He's impaled on the nails. That's child's play compared to some of the stuff we do, like Super Gluing bowling balls to our nipples, tits, balls." SLUG: "What do you do with the bowling balls?" VL: "We Super Glue the bowling balls to our tits, a 15 pound bowling ball to our balls and then we let the Super Glue rip the skin off. So Jim Rose eat your heart out." SLUG: "Where do you do this?" VL: "We perform all over the United States. We'll be here in

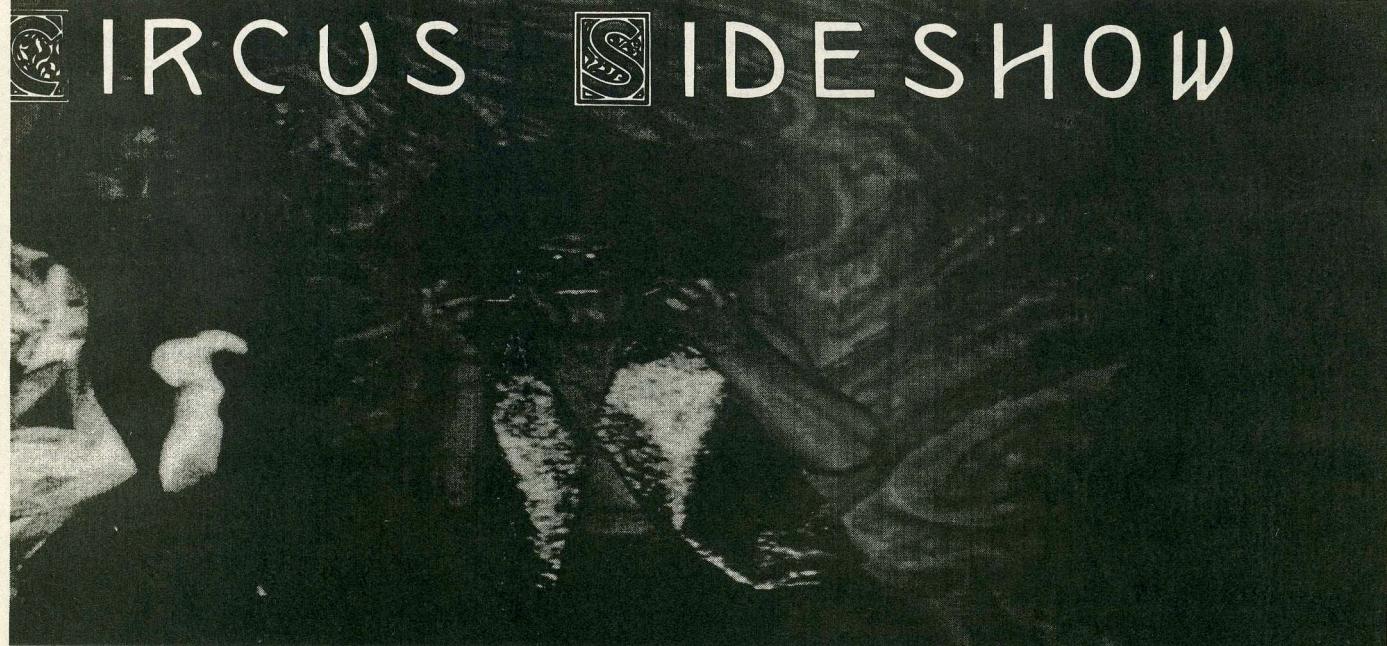
of your show here at the Vortex?" VL: "Because unfortunately the laws in Utah really, really suck. We're really limited to what the laws will allow us to do. When we're in Salt Lake we have to tone the show down by all means. It's still a kick ass show, but we have to eliminate nudity and a lot of the bizarre, bizarre acts." SLUG: "Such as what?" VL: "Like the human pin cushion through the dick. I'm sure everybody's heard of Jim Rose where he does the human pin cushion through the arms and through the mouth. When's the last time you seen someone do it through their actual dick?" SLUG: "So you do a human pin cushion through the dick." VL: "Through the penis head." SLUG: "But you don't dare do that in Utah. If I'm going to the Avalon...why should I go see you?" VL: "Because we guarantee that everything we do, you're not going to find anywhere else in the world. There's only four other circus sideshows that exist. We've taken it a step beyond Jim Rose by adding theatrical illusions, lighting and much more dangerous acts. For instance we're working on a thing called 'death saw Frisbee' in which we'll throw a 15-inch high speed industrial saw blade to one another wearing no gloves or any protec-

tion. Definitely a possibility of loss of limb on that one. We'll be eating light bulbs and thumb tacks. Probably the easiest way to explain this is, 'don't try this at home.' Go to your local church house and try it. Support the Vincent Lord Circus Sideshow."

SLUG: "Why are you in Utah to begin with?" VL: "Because Utah is definitely being overlooked as far as bringing good entertainment in. We're trying to bring good, hard-core entertainment

working out awesome. I'm sure we'll have our day where we'll have a showdown between Torture King and Mr. Lifto. I welcome Jim Rose to town, any day of the week to try and outdo any of our performers. It's official, let's get it on baby."

SLUG: "Tell me about stopping an industrial fan with your tongue." VL: "It's a high speed, solid steel fan. The blades are 25 inches in diameter. They're going about 50 miles an hour. I will



back to Salt Lake City. So it gives the alternative crowd something to do rather than go check out a play or a movie. Come and see something you will never see again. Guaranteed." SLUG: Where are you originally from?" VL: "Las Vegas, Nevada. We have different performers from all over the world. Fire-eaters and fire-walkers from Africa, Tommy the Torture King from Los Angeles, so we're based out of Las Vegas and we'll be touring the United States in 1999. We're just trying to spread the word of love." SLUG: "You don't live here?" VL: "No, we live here now. After this we're going back to Las Vegas to do our original tour in 1999. We're stationed out here in Utah for the rest of the winter." SLUG: "How do you support yourself when you aren't performing?" VL: "Basically it's all performance. It's our love and it's our life. Everything we do as far as a living is based on our show and our talents and exploiting them to the world. There is no in-between. It's all focused on the circus." SLUG: "What did they pay you tonight?" VL: "A thousand dollars for 15 minutes. That's more than a brain surgeon makes." SLUG: "Was the guy twirling the flaming baton with you?" VL: "We picked him up. He's a street performer. We hope to be exploiting his talents. Unfortunately his act didn't work out that good tonight. He dropped a lot of things, but we want to work with him and help exploit his talent because he's a beautiful fire manipulator."

VL: "Let me say this for the record, 'Jim Rose, watch out baby.'" SLUG: "Do you know Jim Rose?" VL: "As a matter of fact I don't know him on a personal level, but one time I tried to get into his show and decided, you know, I'm going to do it on my own. It's

stop it with my bare tongue. I guarantee the front row is going to be sopping wet with blood and parts of tongue. That's entertainment today baby." SLUG: "You told me over the telephone that you've taken a lot of shit in Utah?" VL: "The bottom line is, when you came in the club you noticed probably at least three officers. The Vortex did not hire the Salt Lake City Police Department to be here. Vice informed them that we were doing a show here. Last year we got ticketed for whipping a person because that was considered sexual misconduct. The police were out there for starters. Every live show we do we have picketers saying that their children and their state shouldn't be exposed to this kind of stuff.

We're the Anti-Christ and that we're not welcome in Salt Lake City. That's why Salt Lake City is not getting any good live entertainment. People are scaring them off. It's going to be a little different when Megadeth or Nine Inch Nails come, but when you're hanging bowling balls from your penis and chopping your tongue off with fans they find that offensive. To me it's art. Salt Lake City, a word of warning. The third Anti-Christ is born and it's me Vincent Lord. There's not a God damned thing you can do about it. Come protest the show. The more protesting you guys do the more money we get. Keep it up guys, we appreciate your fucking help."

Is Vincent Lord the Anti-Christ or is he PT Barnum of the weird or is he selling snake oil? I guess he'll answer any remaining questions on October 2. As he said the Vincent Lord Circus Sideshow will perform at the Avalon Theater every Friday night during the month of October.

OUTSIGHT

Rx (Ogre & Atkins)
BEDSIDE TECHNOLOGY
Invisible Records

Uncovering a philosophy of basics and weirdness, Nivek Ogre (Skinny Puppy) and Martin Atkins start out this project with a faithful rendition of Syd Barret's acoustic guitar meditation on the "Scarecrow." The material is centered on the vocals supported by insistent, industrial beats. There is definitely a greater affinity here for Atkins' Pigface than Skinny Puppy. The greater room for musicality, albeit over a jagged groove, can be seen clearly in the duo's neo-urban twist on "Downtown." Excellent production, artful composition and a primacy of rhythm make BEDSIDE TECHNOLOGY top-shelf beat music. (3.5)

A. A. Milne/Peter Dennis

CLASSIC AUDIO COLLECTION OF A. A. MILNE'S UNABRIDGED ORIGINAL WINNIE-THE-POOH
K-Tel

Handsome packaged in gold-letter leatherette cases, two 4-CD sets make up this complete audio presentation of Milne's classic tales. British actor Peter Dennis reads the works word-for-word, performing all the voices. Dennis is especially close to this material, being the only performed the right by the Pooh Trustees to present the works from the stage, which he has done since 1976. The real-life Christopher Robin, Christopher Robin Milne, has called Dennis Pooh's "Ambassador." The Ambassador delivers the material in a setting of forest sounds suitable for a 100-Acre-Wood and whimsical music during transitions. Set 1 contains WINNIE-THE-POOH over three discs and the fourth disc is the poetry collection WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG.

Similarly, the book THE HOUSE AT POOH CORNER takes up three discs of Set 2, with the fourth given over to the poetry of NOW WE ARE SIX. Each Set contains a 24-page booklet written by Dennis and covering the content of each CD. Also, each booklet contains biographies on Pooh, Milne, Christopher Robin, Pooh illustrator Shepard and Dennis himself. All together a delightful package to enliven the tales for young ears and revisit the clumsy adventures of this unforgettable bear and his friends, Eeyore, Piglet and more. (4)

Latin Jazz Orchestra
HAVANA BLUES
LHPR

Founded by trumpeter Armando Rodriguez and drummer Victor Rendon in 1991, LJO is

smoothly piloted through a Latin-jazz exploration of rhythm and melody. All but three of the tracks are expressive arrangements of Latin melodies, providing free reign for jazz possibilities, especially in the horn soloing. Mostly this is a combination of saxes and trumpets, but special attention should brought to Mauricio Smith's flute solo in Chick Corea's "Guajira." In that song and most others we are also treated to pianist Arturo O'Farrill delicately romancing or otherwise extrapolating the melody. Arturo's father, noted Afro-Cuban jazz arranger Chico O'Farrill, arranges and conducts four of the cuts. On the original material we have a fun frolicking between marimba (Victor Mendoza) and baritone saxophone (Charlie Lagond) on "Huachinango De Veracruz." Congas, bongos, kit drums and bass toss back and forth a cornucopia of rhythms on the LJO original "Percussion Excursion." HAVANA BLUES is a largely bright and sunny (Farres' "Tres Palabras" is the most 'blue' piece) collection exhibiting fresh approaches to traditional material and exciting original pieces. (4)

Monroe Mustang

PLAIN SWEEPING THEMES FOR THE UNPREPARED
Trance Syndicate

Monroe Mustang put the material in PLAIN SWEEPING onto 4- and 8-track recordings over the last four years. Still, the material is surprisingly coherent. A definite taste of Syd Barrett-era Pink Floyd stated by acoustic and electric guitars and drums is fare. Lo-fi and plaintive, the music of this Austin quartet is a maudlin psychedelia, a low-budget home recording vision. The Monroe Mustang vision can be pegged at one end by "I Was Eighteen It Was Hate" - equal parts Roky Erickson and Neil Young - and their 'orchestrated' "Elephant Sound." "Elephant Sound" features trumpet and cello. Augmented by vocal chorus, this over-modulated recording attests "Its all in my hands." Indeed with Monroe Mustang, all is self-directed. This gives PLAIN SWEEPING both its greatest weakness (poor recording, though definitely listenable) and its greatest strength, the individuality and authenticity of an undiluted vision. (3)

Robert Fripp

THE OUTER DARKNESS, THE GATES OF PARADISE: VOLUME 1
Discipline Global Mobil

Using his proprietary studio magic Frippertronics, King Crimson's famed guitarist creates a Dante-like tour of heaven and hell. Over fifty-two minutes, this composition has four divisions. First we are awash in the limbo that is "The Outer Darkness." Then we venture through nine steps into the abyss, culminating in a soul threshing in "A Wailing and Gnashing of Teeth." Serene rest is found in the Tangerine

Dream-like second movement, "The Gates of Paradise." Vaulted back into the shimmering, imaginatively treated guitar nebula of The Outer Darkness, we are cognizant of a harsh dichotomy and remain "In Fear and Trembling of The Lord." The story ends happily with a tranquility spawned from an angelic chorus arising from Fripp's guitar. This final chapter is "Acceptance" at The Gates of Paradise. Fripp's episodic concept album employs the same basic technical approach used by Brian Eno in the tape delay worlds of NO PUSSYFOOTING and DISCREET MUSIC. GATES is a one-man synth-guitar orchestra of hyper-religious vision. (3)

Buddy Guy
HEAVY LOVE
Silvertone

With Buddy Guy's new HEAVY LOVE album, loving the blues can be a very contemporary and very uncontemporary thing. Guy staffs this album with such talented rock originators as guitarist Steve Cropper (Booker T and the MGs) and Little Feat drummer Richie Hayward. Add to this the voice of modern blues on they keyboardist, Reese Wynans and you have a potent mix. There is not doubt this album is blues, but it is just assuredly an album of the 90s. The guitars are up-front and bold in the mix to deflate any modern rock effort by comparison, while the vocal delivery and scorching leads are unmistakably kept in the Chicago blues tradition. The best example of these two approaches is the duet with up and coming guitarist/vocalist Johnny Lang "Midnight Train," a foray of electric guitar prowess and dynamic Chi-town/Chess vocals. Easily, adult fans of Guy's electric blues guitar mastery and younger guitar album aficionados with a bit of an open mind can appreciate this record. The album contains strong ballads like ZZ Top's "I Need You Tonight" and Tony Joe White's "Did Somebody Make a Fool Out of You." Coupled with this side is a greater portion of powerhouse tunes that showcase Guy's fretwork, like his original "Had a Bad Night" with folk-blues lyric style. There is even a version of Louis Jordan's jump blues standard "Saturday Night Fish Fry." HEAVY LOVE finds Guy reigning supreme as reigning king of the blues tradition that relocated to its Northern, urban setting; king of a living art. (4)

Liz Graham
LIZ GRAHAM
Tangible Music,

Liz Graham is a moving and poetic singer-songwriter. Poignant songs and excellent vocal delivery mark this album. Graham has the sound of a Natalie Merchant but boasts more maturity. The acoustic guitar-based arrangements are simple and unadorned as the song really resides completely in Graham's excellent

delivery. Her songs are of unrequited love for men that offer strength and adventure. From "Jump Right In."

"If I could have you as a lover keep you as my friend I'd jump right in might jump right in."

And from "Curious,"

"Me I'm lonely. I've been hiding so long don't even know me so show me."

While Graham is so communicative and artful in exposing her passion and needs she delicately sings "Meet me on the West Side / I'm dressed in black for you" and "I'd like to invite you in my bed / to explore your dynamic."

Graham's songs form a rare honesty and urge one want to "hang on through the changes." (4.5)

Diana Ah Naid
DIANA AH NAID
ORiGiN Rec.

Diana Ah Naid is the Australian version of Ani Di Franco. Boasting an acoustic guitar and attitude, she even uses similar phrasing. Some material is a basic acoustic guitar and vocals arrangement, but many of the tracks are enriched with interesting instrumentation like cello, saxophone, bass clarinet, vibes, etc. Much of the material is also very dynamic and energetic as Diana lashes out strongly and graphically against ex-lovers and other people in her past. Diana is a spirited firebrand who neither never minces words nor forgets the importance of a good riff. This self-titled album is promising and deserved of attention from those that like hyper-individualist/feminist folk rock with the emphasis on rock. A full-color booklet full of pictures supplies all the lyrics.

Jann Arden
HAPPY?
A&M

Arden is over average weight and for the booklet photos wears oversized, frumpy, thrift store clothes and sucks her thumb. Seeing these photos and reminiscing on a live performance I see Jann's image as an imperfect outsider and her probable heroism to other that live that role. I can easily envision a

delicate and creative art-school bound young woman, dateless on prom night, learning every word of this album in her room. In "The Sound of" Arden observes "I can sit in my room / I can hear myself breathing and be quite amused / My life is simple like the wrinkles on my skin." We learn in "Holy Moses" Arden sat "in this same chair since Sunday / in the same clothes / with unwashed hair." The running theme is a love not returned, a love and friendship that is powerful and seeking outlet. Aptly, the disc ends with a beautiful treatment of "To Sir with Love." This compendium of sweet sadness is perfect text for Arden's compelling alto. Her poignant balladry shows authentic insight into the singular pain with which human relationships are fraught. Production of the album is excellent. The varied instrumentation seems muted and softened to better match her velvet voice and unobtrusively frame her bitter-sweet lyric. (5)

Nick Lowe
DIG MY MOOD
Upstart Records
Rounder Records

British sob-pop tenor Nick Lowe reaches new maudlin heights on his tenth solo album. Artfully forlorn, Lowe looks at human nature and love is plaintive and full of woe. The sad crooner aches through immense talent casually. Part heartbroken Sinatra, part white soul, Lowe avoids cloying instrumentation backing his material with a rock combo at times featuring sax, accordion, piano and more. If last call finds you lonelier than when you started out, climb inside DIG MY MOOD and greet the dawn knowing someone has had it as bad as you. (4.5)

Todd Snider
VIVA SATELLITE
MCA

Todd Snider is a younger, tougher Tom Petty. Snider's sneering country rock veers enough into pop rock to allow him to firmly grasp "The Joker" on this album. This approach allows us to place Snider into the setting of any rural-suburban setting north or south, east or west. The production of this album is excellent. The profession-

al ears that made this possible were producer John Hampton (Gin Blossoms) and mixer Michael Barberio (Blues Travelers, Counting Crows). Snider, calling his formula "non-derivative roots rock," combines the best of Lynyrd Skynyrd guitar rock with ZZ Top's Texas beat music and Memphis electric blues for a winning recipe. (3.5)

Attention Deficit
ATTENTION DEFICIT
Magna Carta

Only power trio instrumentation is used on this synth-less power prog rockescapade. Bass and vocal tape loops is as far as Attention Deficit goes into the direction of cloying studio technology. The lineup is all veteran rockexperimenters: Alex Skolnick (Testament) on guitars electric and acoustic, Tim Alexander (Primus, Laundry) handling drums and percussion and Michael Manring (Micaheal Hedges and several other Windham Hill projects) taking care of the loops and all manner of basses (four-, six- and ten-string).

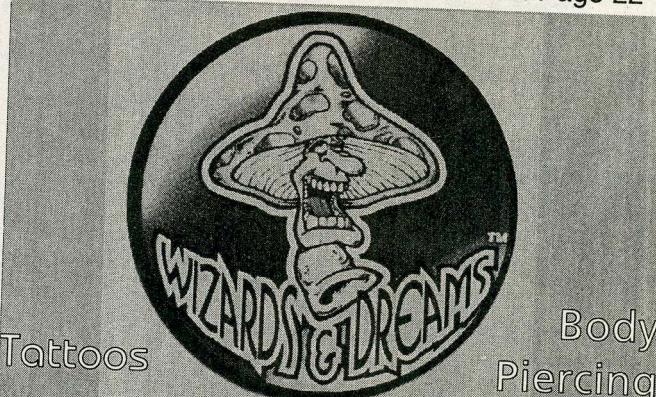
This is the same lineup that created Michael Manring's THONK

solo album. Jaco Pastorius student Manring lends a fluid, jazz-rock bass foundation to keep Attention Deficit dynamic and interesting. This especially comes through on "Scapula." Some themes reappear on this album, like the freeform guitar impressionism in "ATM," "TMA" and "MAT." Connoisseurs of Brand X jazz fusion, guitar-based prog rock and King Crimson will find much to appreciate on this self-titled release. (4.5)

Ruth MacKenzie
KALEVALA: DREAM OF THE SALMON MAIDEN
Omnium Recordings

Ruth MacKenzie educated herself in the ancient ways of "kulning" for this production. Kulning is a shrill Swedish singing for calling animals. As such, kulning sounds intrinsically Scandinavian, yet Oriental in its fast tempo and strident pronunciation. This original cast recording of the maiden turned fish features fiddle, guitar, bass, percussion, and recorder backing a vocal trio. Finnish and

Continued on Page 22



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SERIAL KILLER OF THE MONTH

AILEEN WUORNOS

All good prostitutes are good in about the same way; all bad prostitutes are bad in their own special areas. Aileen Wuornos is no exception. Aileen Wuornos originally Aileen Pittman was born in Rochester, Michigan. Her teen parents separated months before she was born. Her Father, Leo Pittman served time as a deranged child molester, and her mother abandoned Aileen and her brother Keith when she decided they made too much infantile noise. The children were adopted by their maternal grandparents. As may be expected she was a troubled child.

Aileen got pregnant at 14 possibly by her brother (she claimed she was having sex with Keith, but he died of throat cancer in 1976 and wasn't able to verify.) and soon dropped out of school to work the streets full time. It was all downhill from there. Beginning in 1974 and up until she was arrested for murder in 1991 she was cited or booked for disorderly conduct, drunk driving, firing a .22 caliber pistol from a moving vehicle, assault, disturbing the peace, lobbing a cue ball at a bartender's head, outstanding warrants, driving without a license, consuming alcohol in a motor vehicle, armed robbery, trying to pass forged checks at a bank, theft of a pistol and ammo, auto theft, resisting arrest, and obstruction by false information, pulling a gun on a person, speeding, slugging a man with a beer bottle, possessing a suspended drivers license, vandalizing, altercation of lottery tickets, and the murder of 7 men.

While most serial killers like to salivate over their prey, and let some time pass before each murder, Aileen alias; Sandra Kretsch, Lori Grody, Susan Blahovec, or Cammie Marsh Green, depending on the year and circumstances committed the murders relatively close together, in some cases, within days. Her first victim Richard Mallory, a 51 year old electrician was last seen on November 30, 1989, he was shot three times in the chest with a .22 pistol (it seems as if she felt comfortable handling a .22) 43 year old David Spears, last seen on May 19, 1990, was found on May 25. By the time they found Spears, another victim, Charles

Carskaddon, age 40, was found dead and naked with nine holes in his body from that good ol .22. Peter Siems, a 65-year old was last seen June 7 of the same year and later found dead shot with guess what?? Eugene Burress age 50 was found on August 4 shot twice, 56 year old Dick Humphrys was Killed September 11, shot a lucky 7 times with the .22 and Victim number 7 was a 60 year old Walter Antonio shot three times in the back and once in the head was found on November 24.

Within two weeks of her capture Aileen and her attorney had sold movie rights to her story, (I'm sure the victims families were pleased). At the same time three top investigators on her case retained their own lawyer to negotiate offers from Hollywood. After her capture Aileen was also befriended by Arlene Pralle, a bored rancher's wife, and born-again Christian. (Jesus told Arlene to write) She then arranged to be a guest on tabloid talk shows. Aileen was then called, "America's first serial killer", which isn't the case but apparently was bought by most of media influenced America.

Interestingly enough given a run down of Aileen's history she claimed all of the murders hopped in self defense. Which may or may not be the case. All of the above mentioned dead were interested in her services and picked her up for some hot pussy action. Some other things to consider may be that other men picked her up and she did not harm them. It is also noted that one study of a group of prostitutes said that they had been raped an average of 33 times a year. So in fact it is possible these men were belligerent and aggressive. It is also possible...very possible that Aileen was out her mind and had an itchy trigger finger.

Well still a controversy is ongoing on whether or not Aileen Wuornos had a fair trial and still she sits on death row with two death sentences.

Here's a small quote from Aileen that may help you to make up your mind on the verdict

I shot em cause to me it was like a self defending thing. I felt if I didn't shoot em and didn't kill em, first of all....if they had survived, my ass would be gettin in trouble for attempted murder, so I'm up shits creek on that one anyway, and if I didn't kill em, you know of course, I mean I had to kill em... or its like retaliation.

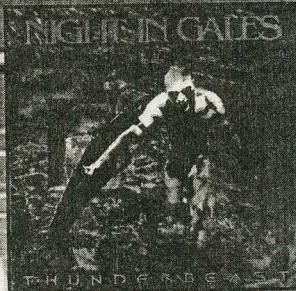




Diabolical
This ferocious Swedish five piece deliver blazing fast yet melodic Swedish death metal with complex arrangements and sick, tormented vocals.



Nile
Amongst the Catacombs of Nephren Ka
On tour with Cryptopsy in September!
Unrelenting death metal at it's finest! Worshippers of the dead be warned....



NIGHT IN GALES
Fans of In Flames take notice!!! Progression and aggression never felt so good together.



Sentenced - Frozen
Their fifth full-length release combining gothic metal and subtle melodies which will appeal to fans from as varied as old Iron Maiden and Paradise Lost to death, thrash and black metal.

CAROLINE

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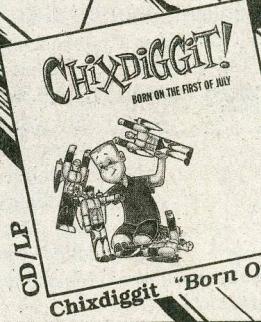
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OUTSIGHT

Continued from Page 19

English are used to sing this spirited bit of theater. And singing is all that is done here. The energy never drops to allow for a recitation. The successful mating of folk melodies onto original songs and unusual, traditional vocal styles makes for the most powerful and singular European contemporary folk recording to reach my ears this year. (5)

Tommy Womack

POSITIVELY NA NA

Checkered Past Records

Tommy Womack (Government Cheese, Bissi Quits) chooses a sound for his debut\solo effort that incorporates Mick Jagger vocally styling with a musical basis in country rock and Dylanesque folk. Womack mentions the Rolling Stones at least twice on this album and then also yearns for the lost American punk idol in "Whatever Happened to Cheetah Chrome?" Pedal steel, slide guitar, banjo and piano keeps the Nashville prominent in this post-punk roots record that freely chooses sex, wasted lives and drinking as some of its topics. I can also imagine Mott the Hoople takes up a decadent artistic residency in the South. (3)

Fantcha

CRIOLINHA

Tinder Records

Fantcha's dulcet lyric belies the same casual beauty and beguiling, dulcet charm that makes Cesaria Ovaria such an unforgettable vocalist. Indeed, Cesaria became Fantcha's mentor two decades ago and the two are now very close. This method of singing is the enchanting "morna" style indigenous to Cape Verde. Members of Cesaria's group and other prominent Cape Verdean musicians back Fantcha on this album. These include her musical director, Bau and composer and producer Paulino Viera. These moving melodies are sing in Portuguese. The full-color CD booklet gives the words to each song in Portuguese and English along with explanatory notes. CRIOLINHA is a collection of sadly poignant and touching songs from a gifted vocalist refined through world class tutelage. (4)

Ernesto Diaz-Infante

ITZ'AT

Pax Rec.

Two original pieces for solo piano are on this CD named with the Mayan word for artist. The first, "Pax Preludes," is in thirteen sections. Sparse and skeletal improvisations on a patient but fluid theme make this piece even and tranquil, drowsily content and serene. "Mariposa

Liviana" is stylistically mated to the Preludes but bears a closer placement of notes for a fuller composition allowing for a closer study of contrasting volume and sustain. The development of the base material saves ITZ'AT from slipping into the rut that houses much of minimalism. (4)

Jason Wilber

LOST IN YOUR HOMETOWN

flatearth

A journeyman sideman at 28, Wilber has strummed for Carrie Newcomer, Hal Ketchum, John Prine and others. Wilber springs from the same fertile Indiana heartland that gave us Lisa Germano and John Mellencamp. His lyrics speak a mature wisdom beyond his years and his arrangements a sagely and effective roots-pop simplicity. At times, Wilber bears the mark of a heartland Ray Davies ("Pick up your Heart") and others he writes ala Paul Simon ("Evelyn"). Rockers and ballads flows smoothly from one to the other in this big album, full of promise, with a small town, comfortably Americana sound.

(3.5)

XTC ON TVT

English pioneers of intelligent pop signed to TTVT Records recently. As a result, the first quarter of 1999 will see the release of the first XTC studio album since 1992's NONSUCH. Another album to follow in the fall.

"Orchestral and acoustic" melodies with lyrics are the content of the upcoming album. Overseeing this fifteenth studio album are XTC founders Andy Partridge and Colin Moulding joined by producers Haydn Bendall (Kate Bush) and longtime collaborator Nick Davis (NONSUCH). The 120-piece London Sessions Symphony provides string ornamentation on the project recorded in part at Abbey Road Studios and in part at Moulding's home. Partridge calls the project "Orch-estic/not rock-n-roll" . . .

ROCKHEADS

Laboratory mice in England were found to take ten minutes to solve a certain maze. These same mice were divided into two groups. One group heard Classical Music for ten hours a day while the other group heard heavy metal music. The symphonic mice then proceeded to work through the maze in ninety seconds. The headbangers stumbled through one half-hour later. The project ended when the metalheads killed each other off (BBC Classical Music Magazine) . . .

WAIT NO MORE

Much respected but rarely observed Tom Waits signed with Epitaph Records. The contract is

for only a single record. Epitaph staff appears jubilant about working with peerless artists. It is five years since BLACK RIDER, the last Waits record, and as a Waits fan I am sure I am speaking with others when I say the next Waits album is highly anticipated, whatever the imprint. Says Waits on the move, "I'm making my first studio album in five years for Brett Gurewitz at Epitaph Records. It's a label run by and for artists and musicians where it feels much more like a partnership than a plantation. I feel like I am part of a unique enterprise that runs like a muscle car. Brett has kept one foot in the street and makes certain that the artists all share in their own success. We shook on the deal over coffee at a truck stop. I know it's going to be an adventure, and as Warren Oates said, 'It feels good. I think we'll take it all the way.' The deal began over two years ago and culminated in a celebratory meal at Zoya's Diner located at Rinehardt's Truck Stop in Petaluma, CA. Waits is currently recording at Prairie Sun Studio in Northern California. Joining him are Mark Ribot (guitar), Larry Taylor (bass, guitar), Greg Cohen (bass) and Steven Hodges (drums). Ribot, Taylor, Cohen and Hodges also played on RAIN DOGS and SWORDFISH TROMBONES. Primus will also be joining Waits in the studio. The record is expected out in early 1998 . . .

SWAN SONG

Seminal punk rockers the Subhumans reunited and are touring the US. A string of successful shows throughout the UK preceded. Between 1980-1986 the band, contemporaries of Crass and Conflict, released five solid, political albums and five 7 inches. After the band's 1986 split, vocalist Dick went on to form ska-punk pioneer group Culture Shock and then re-united with ex-Subs Phil and Trotsky to form Citizen Fish. The Subhumans reformed to tour just long enough to say thanks to everyone who has supported them through the years. All shows are all ages and only \$8 . . .

ERB Records, POB 3192, Tulsa OK, 74101
<http://www.busprod.com/ragband/>

The Electric Rag Band takes a electric rock trio format to deliver 20s and 30s ragtime and country blues material. They deserve a lot of credit for unearthing such gems and enlivening them. Roughly half of the selections are originals very much in the tradition of ERB's inspirations and similarly styled. Otherwise, recordings made by Blind Blake account for three of the tracks and Big Bill Broonzy, Blind Willie McTell, Casey Bill Weldon, Scott Joplin and Blind Boy Fuller suggested the balance of the material to ERB through named recordings of the 30s and late 20s. ERB admits they took "considerable liberties with the lyrics and musical content." These are in no way purist covers, but electrified and animated celebrations of two of America's richest musical traditions. Claiming

to be "where the 20s and 30s meet the 90s" ERB succeeds through their enthusiasm and respect as a post-rock juke joint band. (3)

Jad & David Fair

MONSTER SONGS FOR CHILDREN
Kill Rock Stars

Twenty-six monsters, one for each letter of the alphabet, are appraised in this offbeat and humorous album. A young child introduces each track with an epigrammatic description of the creature. The beasties range from legendary personalities like Dracula to more modern myths like E.T. and such ghost story stars as Headless Horseman to cryptozoological question marks as Sasquatch. The music is largely simple and quirky guitar duets or similarly simple instrumentation. The effect is one of exaggerated and mock creepiness that mates with the verses well. David Fair gave us the lyrics and lends his sonorous tone to much of the material, sometimes with Jad. The CD insert is decorated with childrens' illustrations. MONSTERS is delightful, unique and deserves to be a classic with children and adults that still like Halloween and Godzilla movies. (3.5)

Jerry Hahn & His Quintet

JERRY HAHN & HIS QUINTET
Arhoolie

Jazz guitarist extraordinaire Hahn is here captured with a stellar lineup in 1967. The compositions are all original, showcase tunes that declare the talents of not only the bandleader but jazz violinist (!) Michael White (Pharaoh Sanders, McCoy Tyner, The Fourth Way), and Noel Jewkes on sax and flute. It is Charles Lloyd's solid rhythm section of drummer Jack DeJonette

(Miles Davis, John Coltrane, Thelonious Monk, Stan Getz, Ornette Coleman, etc.), bassist Ron McClure (Joe Henderson, Monk, Mose Allison) that provide the foundation for this recording. It is truly exhilarating to hear their violin, horn and guitar chase each other around the melody on the lively "In The Breeze." Sweetly, the flute and guitar romance the melody on the faintly tropical "My Love." This is also the only track written by Jewkes. All others are

by Hahn. It would not be human to avoid shouting one's own exhortations during "Dippin' Snuff" as the group vocals urges each player to greater heights in that energetic piece. Obligatory period psychedelia makes an apotheosis into sitar-esque jazz on "Ragahantar." There is a similarly Indian theme in the close, "Ara-Be-In." Freely creative and rich in chops, this self-titled recording is as stunning as it is eclectic. (5)

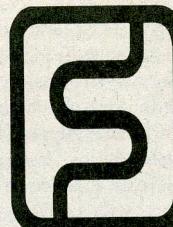
Ceoltoiri

WOMEN OF IRELAND
Maggie's Music,
<http://www.maggiesmusic.com>

The beautiful Celtic vocal melodies and delicate instrumentation ("sean nos" vocals, guitar, Celtic harp, flute and hammered dulcimer) often hides a gritty world on this disc. Women of elder Ireland are celebrated in these ancient texts for their tragedy and great passion. One spurned sister sees her remains make the grisly transformation into a harp to entertain her family, and one woman of Erin, through an 18th Century poem longs to see a certain man "burning or in a grave lying cold." Interspersed are a couple of joyous instrumentals with such pleasant names as "My Darling, I Am Fond of You" and "Flowers of Spring." But nothing but farm work is offered for a stir crazy lass "longing to be wed" in "I'm 18 Years Old Today." This disc concludes with an unforgettable ditty about the prodigal return of a fifteen-year-old "brazen whore" to her home after a turn with wily Scots dating back to 1597. WOMEN is a fascinating collection of ancient and modern material exquisitely arranged by the core trio of Ceoltoiri and an assembly of guest musicians. Full texts are provided, with translations when

necessary. Further notes elucidate the actual sources for the material. Ceoltoiri's latest album is an airy and beautiful mating of Gaelic poetry and Celtic music. (3.5)*****

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Billyclub

Out To Lunch
Idol Records

The band Billyclub features ex Reo Speedealer Dave Woodard on lead vocals, ex Exploited and Broken Bones guitarist Karl Morris, ex UK Subs Matthew McCoy on drums and bassist Kevin Linn. The group moved to Dallas in 1997 and they remain in the same town Leann Rimes calls home today. The style is easy to determine based upon the past associations. The only matter left for determination is quality. Well, the band has supported or headlined shows with Zeke, Fear, SNFU, Bad Religion, Gwar, Nashville Pussy and Agent Orange. That list covers veterans and newer punk versions. Since the group is half-English, half-American and with the English over 30 besides the question of quality still remains. Who wants to play punk rock in a band few have ever heard of and travel from one shitty club to the next? The quality is answered when Woodward starts with the evil rasp. Call it a Lemmy influence. Next investigate the guitar thrash. Then check the "power ballad." "I Saw God" sounds like the shit the English punkers used to play back in the early '80s. None of that cleaned up for mass consumption litter. "Dumbfuck" is the toughest title. The ditty is pure old school and the old school did know how to blend the chain-saws with melody. "Charm" is more of the same. After thousands of punk rock records slight nuances are all that separates one from another. "Charm" has the gravel harmonies, beat-the-fuck-out-of-em drums and the charm? It's the fucking melodic guitar break separating the thrashers from those who can play. The "go" chant is excellent for live audience participation. "Now She's Gone" brings on some garage tendencies. It's all in Woodward's vocals. He does have the ability to change vocal timbre if he so chooses. Last, but far from least is "Don't Count On Me." Speed metal and thrash all the way kids. The entire album clocks in at around 28 minutes. The label is familiar for American

Fuse's garage rock stand-out discussed nearly a year ago in SLUG and for the Old 97's/Funland split 10 inch. The label owner is actually in management at Sony Records. And you thought none of those major label guys had any taste. I still prefer the old fashioned sound and Billyclub is added to the list. The band will perform on September 22 at the O-Town Tavern in Ogden. 4410 Jefferson 801-392-0246. They might be at Spanky's on September 21. If these guys are as good as advance reports state they will likely compete with Zeke as local heroes of live performance.

-Smack

Bob Log III

School Bus
Fat Possum

Due to the vast beehive network occupied by SLUG headquarters the name Bob Log has passed through these hallowed pages in the past. The individual has recorded previous works under the name Doo Rag in partnership with his pots, pans and corrugated cardboard box percussionist Thermos Malling. Doo Rag actually paid a visit to the capitol city to perform a concert the apathetic residents skipped. Tucson, Arizona is the location from which the maimed Delta blues of both Bob Log and Doo Rag emanates. Due to unknown circumstances the esteemed Bob Log added a III to his name and ventured forth to Oxford, Mississippi searching for a recording experience in the heart of his influence. A holler, a shout and an exceptionally underdeveloped talent with the electric slide guitar are preserved for the rumored decade long life span represented by the resulting compact disc. Log III is the multi-instrumentalist. Astoundingly enough he supplied all drum, guitar and vocal portions as well as composing the pieces. In one case he is aided by background vocals from Pancakes. The soft music journalism commonly encountered at capitol city street racks has spun off an apparent lack of interest in the more primitive and lovely experiences available at the most astute suppliers. An educated audience has vacated the premises because Utah public education lacks. In trying times such as these Bob Log III uses a short yellow school bus metaphor while attempting information dissemination by expressing unpopular views, "I Want Your Shit On My Leg," for example. Stating the obvious results in the venomous anti-war anthem "All Rockets Go Boom." "Duck Back

Down" furthers the message as a "Big Ass Hard On" follows instead of precedes "Fire In the Hole." Lacking a powerful voice our friend Bob Log III uses the common megaphone method. This is not "come out of the house with your hands up." That is information dissemination from the other side of the tracks. Street preaching, grandstanding and gathering the flock to a soapbox that is the way of Bob Log III. Don't worry, he won't visit the capitol city anytime soon. It is impossible to convert the brainwashed using simple recordings. Corporate radio, corporate press and corporate video broadcasts have brought the New World Order to pass.

After the Apocalypse Bob Log III will receive recognition.

-Jam

Crumb

Red Ant

Back before Fastball finally made the Disney subsidiary Hollywood minimally profitable there was a label named Red Ant. The label was aligned with Alliance in the beginning. Rather than make like Tammy Wynette and promote Cheap Trick or My Life With The Thrill Kill Kult the label hopped aboard the Polygram distribution system until whiskey interfered with the thinking process. Now Red Ant is part of the BMG family and Naked is the biggest seller to date. Put the money on Love & Rockets because Crumb is alternative. How many shitty alternative bands does the world need? How come I'm using advance alternative CDs without liner notes or artwork in combination with a propane torch and super glue to begin a new career as an "urban" sculptor? La, la. My goodness, I must need my medication. Too bad Crumb didn't engage the endorphins. Now I'm stuck with Valium and street chiva.

-Alienated Allen

Emmylou Harris

Spyboy

Eminent Records

Emmylou Harris has eclipsed trends and fashion. She was a folkie first and then a hippie and she still survived. She invented the entire "No Depression" movement with Gram Parsons. I don't believe she ever recovered from Gram, but she moved on to marry three times. From country rock to mainstream country to bluegrass to country trip hop - at the age of 51 she

remains immune to style. What to do after winning a Grammy? How about touring clubs with Spyboy? How about releasing a live album on a small independent label?

Spyboy is a better retrospective of Harris' career than her box-set. The disc is a document of where she is now. The next studio recording will no doubt reveal another aspect of Emmylou Harris, but for the present time take Spyboy. Like a vision she appears on a stage. After James Burton and Rickey Skaggs her guitarist of choice becomes Buddy Miller. What to do when white folk can't understand the fantasy? Hire a black rhythm section? Together the quartet reprises a small selection from Harris' catalog without resorting to formula or mere crowd pleasing. Most 51-year-old former "rock stars" are going through the motions while collecting a paycheck for past glories. Harris appears to perform for the pure joy of creation. The key is innovation and fresh blood. John Mayall is often cited as proving ground for young musicians. In the real world Harris has seen more raw talent than Mayall. Sadly this female's place currently resides with the aging. When she performed with Spyboy at the Zephyr Club the audience was mostly grey and/or bald. For some unknown reason the young have embraced lesser forms of elder copy-cating. How about a voice that can still bring tears 30 years later. How about a band that could play funk in their sleep, but doesn't want to? How about if the essence of a song takes the place of jam-on? If the words are present the guitar solo kind of takes a back seat? Beat the drums, smoke pot and pretend about the Grateful Dead. Back in the day Merle Haggard singing "Okie From Muskogee" and "The Fightin' Side Of Me" were as relevant to a Vietnam war protest as the Fugs, the Mothers of Invention or Country Joe & the Fish. Emmylou Harris was the girl in the long cotton dress lacking underwear while singing. If you don't get it you either weren't there or you can't remember. If you were there and can't remember you're cool. If you weren't there and you are a '90's pretend hippie - fuck you!

-Arvilla
Lugnut



Kung Fu Grip
S.I.S. Records

Lugnut is a well known local band. This band predicted the death of a princess when their self-titled debut was released late in 1996. "You're Gonna Die, Lady Di" was the song that made Lugnut a household name in Utah. Even as the world celebrates the first anniversary of Di's death Lugnut returns with a second release. It's difficult to understand how a Utah band can get away with a recording that doesn't sound like the Counting Crows or the Red Hot Chili Peppers. White boy funk is nearly absent and I think the band left the sensitive guy with the acoustic guitar at a Nevada truck stop. The first truly radio friendly song is "Crack." Admittedly the song will never make it to the radio because length is a factor. A song lasting over four minutes interferes with the six minutes of commercials. The subject matter appears on countless ghetto records and methamphetamine, not crack, is the drug of choice in Utah. The funk factor is present. Even better, and shorter, is "Stars In My Eyes." A touch of glam, ethereal production, a hook and a debt to '70s arena rock in David McLellan's (lead vocals and guitars) voice drifts near current fashion. The overall style of the record is hard rock. Hard rock is an unattractive art form in the days of urban pop and Master P. Unless a hard rock band disavows grunge while playing grunge or claims a DJ and a turntablist success is a dream. Lugnut ventures down a more visionary road. This group solves the "nothing is new in rock" dilemma by embracing it. Every imaginable past influence, from garage punk to glam to grunge to Metallica, is utilized by Lugnut. Rather than pay tribute to a specific genre with a song the group blends them. Fleeting glimpses into Rage or the Peppers or Queen or AC/DC or Zeppelin are just that - fleeting. In the end the disc sounds like nothing except Lugnut. The best songs are the longest. The true gem of *Kung Fu Grip* is "Bow Down" and that song lasts just over six minutes - the length of a radio station's commercial break. Place a check mark by the final track, "Supersonic Drag," for mainstream accessibility. Look for Lugnut live in a bar and look for *Kung Fu Grip* at the more discerning independent music retailer.

-Spill

Nanci Griffith

Other Voices, Too (A Trip Back To Bountiful)

Elektra

Ask and ye shall receive. My contact with Elektra Records is usually limited to advance CDs and touring bands. Advance CDs are those things the average consumer can purchase in packs of 10 for \$1 at the used store. "Critics" such as myself receive bundles and we are expected to review them. "They" used to send advance cassettes, but due to prolific use of "advance cassettes" for "home taping" the practice has declined. Since *SLUG* Magazine has readers over the age of 12 I thought the yuppie boomer readers might welcome a review more mature. I know for a fact that some of our local "folk singers" keep copies of *SLUG* in the bathroom. This is for you and not the "kids." A big thanks goes out to Brian at Elektra for sending Nanci Griffith to *SLUG*. This is the music Elektra was founded on. Yes, before the Doors (Who?) Elektra was a "folk" label.

I'll attempt to keep it short. *Other Voices, Other Rooms* was released in 1993. Nanci Griffith received her first Grammy for the recording. The disc of current interest is the follow-up and it is an exploration of America's folk music heritage. There are 67 guest performers and 19 songwriters represented. I'll select three highlights and leave the interested to their own devices. A purchase perhaps? The remainder can move on to "Written In Blood" or "Serial Killer of the Month." The first spotlighted song is "Walk Right Back." Sonny Curtis (Buddy Holly) wrote it and he sings duet vocals with Griffith. The rendition is soul stirring and gorgeous. "Wings Of A Dove" was a hit for Ferlin Husky. Griffith chose to allow Lucinda Williams the lead privileges while she sings harmony. If the rendition doesn't bring chills and goose bumps the reader probably requires Viagra (a token *SLUG* Viagra reference. If you don't need it why write about it constantly? Believe me, *SLUG* doesn't need Viagra.). "Dress Of Laces" has Lyle Lovette singing harmony and I'm still looking for the third and final song. I love honky tonk and I love Ian Tyson and "Summer Wages" still can't take third. While waiting "He Was A Friend Of Mine" featuring the likes of Rosalie Sorrells singing in the "estrogen choir," "Hard Times Come Again No More," "Wasn't That A Mighty Storm," and "Deportee (Plane Wreck At Los Gatos)" pass. Lucinda Williams sings again with Nanci Griffith, Odetta and Tish Hinojosa during the last mentioned title. Of course "Deportee (Plane Wreck At Los Gatos)" is Tex-Mex and partly sung in Spanish. What did you expect from Hinojosa? I was expecting Emmylou Harris' contribution to "Yarrington Town" to achieve third highlight status. It didn't. Not enough Harris maybe? "I Still Miss Someone" takes the award. Griffith duets with Rodney Crowell. Crowell can sing such a tune with feeling since he's no longer involved with the daughter of the songwriter-Johnny Cash. Flip the bird at the music industry as if Cash or Crowell were familiar. Bow to acoustic instruments and songwriting. Sorry kids. Hardship, broken hearts and poverty were around before white suburbia discovered Compton. Revolution

doesn't always require guns. I apologize for interfering with your heavy metal, techno, reggae, swinging hip hop lifestyles.

-Essie

Ominous Seapods

Matinee Idols

Hydrophonics Records

Talk about feeble attempts. Talk about musical clichés. Talk about listening to a CD that is as boring as reading a blank page. Jesus fucking Christ. [would this be a split infinite being?] We have enough problems dealing with local hippie bands, touring hippie bands and stinking fucking hippies on the streets as it is in Salt Lake City. We don't need your fucking hippie shit music here. The rag is named *SLUG*. Now, does that sound like a pot-head fucking, dread-lock fucking, stupid-fucking, hippie publication to you? Jerry is dead. Since you can't seem to grasp the facts I

will repeat them. Jerry is fucking dead. I saw Jerry in '68, I never had the desire to see him again and you aren't Jerry. Go find another means for non-creative expression. Quit sending your stupid fucking attempts to be Jerry. We don't want them, we don't like them and you proved how stupid you are by sending fucking hippie music to us. This publication is supposed to be about soul stirring music, adventurous music, music created by individuals with talent and vision. You have none of that. Peace, love, far out, groovy, ride on, motherfucking brother calling idiots. I am not your brother and I hate you. Smilin Jack and the Jackmormons can waste your sorry asses in any jam-on contest because they have talent. You don't. Stay in fucking Pennsylvania. Do not cross the Mississippi.

-Tiny Tim O'Leary

reo speedealer

Royalty Records

"God damned turkeyneck." *reo speedealer* adhere to the thought patterns surrounding tempo. Their tempo varies only slightly and that takes place during intros and outros. Otherwise it's like the throttle is stuck. "Turkeyneck," "Screamer," and "Double Clutchin' Finger Fuckin'" flew right on by before the breaks were applied for the metal of "Götterdämmerung." Based on the lyrics I could understand the song concerns something carnal related to females. "Cocaine Dave" clocked my senses in under a minute. Incredibly enough *reo speedealer* inserts a very slight amount of euphony to "Teenage." Never fear it can't last long. Other enlightening numbers are titled "Pussy," "Pig Fucker,"

"Ain't Fuckin' Around," "Get A Rope," and "Crank Bait." After listening I was wondering when the big major label companies are going to catch up to the new trend of playing the fuck out of songs with attitude. Then I realized that Nashville Pussy was already signed. Even if Nashville Pussy scores big I still can't see the alternative/pop-punk/grunge feeding frenzy transferring to sleazy, bands playing their asses off in shitty bars. Go see these guys

when they open for the Reverend. Buy the record now because the dinosaurs forced a name change.

-Smack

Rob Zombie

Hellbilly Deluxe

Geffen

Korn

Follow The Leader

Immortal/Epic

Even Tommy Lee is intelligent enough to figure out Spandex isn't coming back...yet. As the lowest rated station on the overcrowded radio dial, KRCK, promotes the Poison influenced Tommy Lee contributes drums to three songs on the new Rob Zombie CD. Both Korn and Zombie are despised by some music critics. How many music critics are between the ages of 13 and 18? Not many. Zombie's



new one is short and to the point. I have two thoughts on that subject. The first concerns price. If I paid \$18 for the disc I'd be pissed. Compact discs are overpriced. The second thought concerns quality. Why pay \$18 to receive 30 minutes of music and 35 minutes of filler? That is not a value-added purchase. Do not purchase the disc at the mall. *Hellbilly Deluxe* is a play on words. Zombie doesn't like Dwight Yoakum? Better to name it *Hearses* in tribute to Garth or *Shit Floats* in tribute to the movie containing a new Garth song. Whatever the title or motive behind it the disc is filled with enjoyable industrial metal. Comic book themes, old horror movies with half-naked girls, Satanic images, and demons - it's like Zombie never outgrew Saturday afternoon television/movie matinees, Godzilla plastic models or his comic book collection. There are worse ways to spend "one's" time. Some spooky moments appear, "Perversion" for instance. The soundbite beginning "Demonoid Phenomenon" sums things up perfectly. "Don't lie to yourself, it gave you pleasure." It certainly did and I would love to see the stage show.

Korn is even more maligned than Zombie. Who else but John Pecorelli would interview the Korn boys? Johnny is from Salt Lake City and he writes for AP. He usually gets it. Korn doesn't try for adult status. It's for the kids baby. Look at the cover. The inner sleeve goes the Marilyn Manson route. Just in case the parents don't understand, and Korn isn't providing a lyric sheet, I'll quote a few. Violent rebellion is the theme. What following the leader has to do with violent rebellion escapes me, but then I don't feel any need to fit it and those first 13 songs are really, really stupid and irritating. Sit like a dumb ass waiting for Korn to start. God! Should we do it song by song until I get bored? "Put me inside, come on it's hard." Tell it to your little sister. Song 14. "Sometimes I cannot take this place" - school, your home, your bedroom, your little sister? Okay I'm bored for a minute. Jonathon is off growling

and shit. Korn is so clever they have a song titled "Children of the Korn." I believe that title appeared right here the second time they visited Salt Lake City? "All In The Family" is more Marilyn Manson influence than original. So is "Dead Bodies Everywhere." How about "Pretty" and Trent? I realize the songs concern different issues than those Marilyn is confused over, but can we get a little more original?

I am not criticizing the album either because the music is full and well done. The Korn boys put some work into the album. Song 16. Dead bodies. A music box intro. Do not kill your parents. "If you want me to be a good son, why do you make me feel like no one?" Those teenage years are difficult aren't they? Korn is to be congratulated for remembering them and writing a song. Or does this song concern organized religion? It's the same topic isn't it? Song 17. Ice Cube. "Children Of The Korn." Violence. "Stop fucking with me." "We all about weed smoking and



kinky sex." "Fuck authority." "After school you'd better run to your car." Violence. Do not kill your parents, do not kill your friends. Do not kill your classmates or your teachers. You will grow out of it eventually. Or, you could attempt to change Amerikkka from the inside rather than fuck yourself up by behaving like the "Children Of the Korn."

Song 18. "Life sometimes pisses me off. "Every time I reach for love it is taken away." What, the cheerleader doesn't love you? Oh dear. Did I miss this one. Is the love same sex? Didn't Korn explore this territory on the first one? I'm bored again. Jonathon is making those noises. Do not kill yourself. It is not time to die. Song 19. Power ballad. "I see your pretty face smashed against the bathroom floor." Violence. Do not kill your little sister or your old girl friend. We are seriously in need of some sex at this point. Do not worry for Korn will provide. "Comeitosis" is song 24. But first. Song 20. A contribution from Limp Biskit. Oh dear.

Jonathon and Fred pull out their dicks, compare the sizes and call each other fags. Jock rock from the gym shower? They missed the Korn-holing part though. However, butt-fucking is mentioned - twice! What art! What entertainment! I love this record. It takes me back to middle school! Song 21. More teenage angst. Oh dear. The man is mentioned. Doesn't Korn record for the man? "Come fuck with me." Come on tough guy. I've never bowed down to anybody. Now I'm bored again. "What the fuck" over and over and over again?

Song 22. What's this about buggering people? I want sex Jonathon and not violence. Song 23. Tell me about dreaming, sex and fucking again. Your life confusion is really boring. Call Tony Robins. Oh shit. There he goes speaking in tongues again. Song 24. "Comeitosis." Finally. Sex. Yeah. Sex. Yeah. He says "cunt." "I cannot ever love another cunt. You drink and sweat." I guess oral is better than none. For the final song Jonathon plays some bagpipes. "How could you be so cold?" "Your heart is not

beating." "I'd do anything just to see through your eyes." "My Gift To You" is pure Goth and I'm not sticking around for the hidden song Korn ever did was that redneck abusive relationship fight over a Dodge on the first album anyway. *Follow the Leader* received four stars in Rolling Stone? The music

is fine, but I'm not young enough to grasp the anger over parental authority anymore and the violence is stupid. I'll highly recommended it to alienated males between the ages 13 and 18 who can not read and are facing life in Amerikkka's new service sector economy. The profanity, misogyny and homophobia will most likely appeal to jocks and University of Utah frat boys.

-Killa Jeez

Royal Crown Revue

The Contender

Warner

Oh. I know what this music is called. I seen about it on MTV. The Gap plays it on their TV commercial. It's called big band swing. I think? My friend told me about it. My friend used to listen to the Youth Brigade, but now he's dressing up and he quit straight edge and he's smoking cigars and drinking Martinis. My friend is on the edge. But I don't get the "soundbite" between "The Contender" and

"Walkin' Like Brando." It sounded like 8 1/2 Souvenirs and what's up with the redone version of "Zip Gun Bop." It's called "Zip Gun Bop (Reloaded)." Can't Eddie get Mando or James or Bill to help him write a new song? And where are the covers? How can I listen to big band swing from a seven-piece combo without a cover song? One more thing. How come three guys from Hepcat are on here? Aren't they black? Don't they play traditional Jamaican ska? Isn't big band swing supposed to be all white small combos these days? Big Bad Voodoo Daddy and the Cherry Poppin Daddies don't have any black people on their CDs.

I'm sorry. I made a mistake. There are some covers. "Stormy Weather," "Salt Peanuts," "Morning Light," and "Work Baby Work" are all classic big band swing songs. Didn't the Pointer Sisters do "Salt Peanuts" once? Aren't they black? Weren't the Pointer Sisters a big band? Didn't they used to shop at thrift stores? Except didn't big bands end around 1947? How come the horns aren't blasting? How come

Eddie's jiving like he's a viper? How come this CD sounds more better than Big Bad Voodoo Daddy or the Cherry Poppin Daddies?



How come I keep listening to it? I don't get this CD and I haven't seen a video on MTV. Royal Crown Revue must suck because they're not on MTV. *The Contender* doesn't sound one single bit like the Squirrel Nut Zippers and my friend said they were big band swing. I'm going to E-mail my friend and ask him about Royal Crown Revue right now. He knows more about this stuff than I do. He told me he wears Royal Crown in his hair.

-Artie Lunceford

LeeAnne Savage

Neptune Amor
Self-released

And out of Arizona comes LeeAnne Savage. A funky, pop mixture of songs that just totally grooves. You probably haven't heard of LeeAnne Savage in this neck of the woods because the CD was self released. But you know what? You should sit up and take notice. An

angelic voice that lilted back and forth between sweet school girl innocence and smoky, sultry, sexy, in-control domination. My buddy Scott told me she covers the song *Take Me To The River*. My buddy Scott didn't tell me that it comes off as liquid black chrome on a moon-lit night, and by the end of the song my speakers would be smoldering. Other favorites include *Tell Me That You Like It*, *Cathedrals* and the opening track *Don't Wait Up*.

The only place I know of, to get this CD into your shaking, little paws is from LeeAnne Savage herself, (Radio stations take notice, if you want to be on the cusp of new artist, order this disc!) Her web sight is www.bernatmedia.com/savage, her email address is Neptuneamr@aol.com.

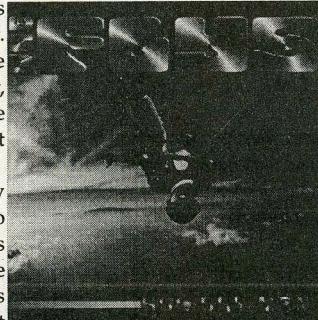
You can also check out the band, find cool links and download song snippets. Watch *SLUG* for an interview with LeeAnne in the very near future. Now if we could only get her and her band up here along the Wasatch Front to kick it live!

-RDI

The Flys

Holiday Man
Trauma

The Flys tale is one of roadwork. Live on the road for enough years and play enough good shows and a major label might take notice. It paid off for the band and now they've joined Gwen. The first thing to check on Holiday Man is the "thank you" list. Sure enough PCP Berserker, Jay @ the Holy Cow and all our friends in SLC appear. Is there hope yet? Now say The Flys blew-up big-time and the album went platinum. Would they remember their friends in SLC and convince some A&R guy to sign PCP Berserker or another local band? The possibility exists because The Flys contribute to the Disturbing Behavior soundtrack and there is a "buzz" surrounding the band. People who have never heard of the Holy Cow or PCP Berserker are buying the album because they heard a song on the radio! Does this mean the radio isn't bad after? No. As many around Salt Lake are aware the band is heavy and influenced by the psychedelic form. The title number is a formidable example. I'd say that it is a better radio song than "Got You (Where I Want



You)," the movie song. "Groove Is Where You Find It" continues the moody flow. Say It took five or six songs to convince me. Some numbers do fail to fully please. Other ears might enjoy more mainstream fare such as "Girls Are The Cruelest." The lyrics are on the mark, and it's still The Flys,

just The Flys verging on alternative rock. "Give You My Car" is better. Plenty of vocal treatment and some even a slight Middle Eastern influenced guitar. The Flys do

have some surfing history. "The Family" is funk. Funk these days is a tired genre loved by many local club patrons. The Flys can do funk and because the subject matter is basically "thank you" the funk doesn't flaw the disc. "Superfly" as the title might indicate is more of the same, although with more of a rock/psych emphasis. Since I've focused so far on The Flys' rock and psych the band decides to end the CD with an R&B ballad. "Sexual Sandwich" reminds me of Frank Zappa's explorations into R&B and not because the R&B isn't played straight because it is. It's the vocal treatment. *Holiday Man* certainly isn't my favorite album of the year or even the month, but the decision is based more on taste than quality. Yes, indeed, I hope The Flys sell a million copies because they didn't try to copy anybody, they've put in the work and their album is excellent. Now come back to Salt Lake City in a big ol' bus.

-Blaine Sheets

William Carlos Williams
Collection Plate
Shoestring

Cacophony is the beginning. Since the press release proclaims that the radio add date was August 11, I am positive the music is familiar from constant and repetitive airplay. "Kenny Delivers" is nearly two and a half minutes in an audio blast furnace. "Surface Tension" and "Zero" are identical in form and the shameless attempt to eradicate lower life forms or pets is only diminished by the 10 minute plus "Pineroott." A discernible melody is nearly present while toe-tapping bass carries rhythmic nuances to the fore. Since unfamiliarity with the work of William Carlos Williams is

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CD REVIEWS

We're Only In It For The Money

obvious the genre previously described by mere words is punk jazz in an extreme form. We at SLUG aren't privy to the excessive number of releases the Japanese Tzadik label has unleashed upon the world in recent months and we are most happy to reside in the comfort of our sordid cubicle experiencing less than pleasant elevator music from the bottom of an empty shaft previously soiled by self-destructive blood. Thus a simple analysis of William Carlos Williams' atypical sophomore attempt must cease as the recording retreats to the center of a metropolitan street and the confusing discord only the overdeveloped hearing a lost blind being is capable of contemplating.

-Claybird Coleman

The Grinders

Say Cheese

Big Rod Records

Any musical combo opening their disc with sound of loggie hawking deserves this next. I'm ritng the review in SLUGLISH. The language is a combination of English and Utahn. For a remedial cours in SLUGLISH instruction simply begin with Dear Dickheads and read SLUG from cover to cover. No! We do not know how to operate R spell cheker. We are two interested in the Smith's cheker. I stole that from the Classic Assholes. This paper is published in Utah. We're either homosexuals, recovering homosexuals or polygamists who fuck our relatives here. Hold it, I think I'm having a revelation from God. No, I'm sorry, that was just the neighbor. "Turn that fucking shit down or I'll fucking kill you." Believe it or not my neighbor is a polygamist. Believe it or not Eugene "Talent Showcase"

Jelesnick is a neighbor too. What a cool neighborhood. How cool am I to live in such a cool neighborhood? Why, I must only shop at cool stores where I can find Showdown to NXNW CDs.

The Grinders have prehistoric routes. The disc set at SLUG lick a puppy at the Human Society begging for someone to discover its doggy style. Todd Dentico is the singer. He and the Grinders deserve a Excedrine commercial. Vision this. "Racheal" is the second song. The people at Johnson & Johnson or whatever major corporation responsible for Excedrine herd the song. They say, "Hey, how bout we put that song on a TV commercial?" So they did. This here guy is setting watching TV in Utah. He's reading the tabloid weekly, watching rassling and wearing nothing 'cept a wife beater and underpants. He's slurping down a beer. He calls out, "Honey, don't we got any

Excedrine 'cause this commercial give me a headache?" The moronic cow has married two says, "Nope cause I used it up last time ya make me roll over on my belly and make like a whale." Next thing the 7-Eleven is sold out of Excedrine. Next time he have her roll over on her belly and make lick whales she sings lick Rolling Stones, "I used to love him, but it's all over now. 'Cause he make me roll over on my belly and make like a whale." Next thing he's asking down at the compact disc shop about where he kin git a copy of your guyses song thots on tht Excedrine commercial whats on the TV.

The Grinders do punk rock correct. This means Salt Lake City is out of they're picture. How come these dumb fuckers sent a compact disc so good to Utah? Where will someone, anyone, find a copy? Not in Utah. Go to Sam Goody and kill the fucking clerk. Kill every fucking clerk in the mall. Kill every fucking clerk everywhere. Kill every fucking person. Then go home and roll over the cow you married and make her make like a whale. Shit yerself in yer under-

pants and then gag yer wif with your shit-in underpants and then hang yourself with your wife beater while she watches. If you've read this far you are stupid. Fuck you! How's thet fer sexist male pig ritin?

-Ezra Taffy Beansome



Swing This Baby!

Slimstyle/Beyond

First of all. I am tired of Big Bad Voodoo Daddy. Second of all. The Cherry Poppin' Daddies aren't a swing band. Third of all. I have a lot of respect for Brian Setzer and he does have a big band, but I'm already tired of his latest full-length. *Swing This Baby!* is worth investigating for the selections from bands the "fashionable" have yet to discover.

Blue Plate Special, The Bill Elliot Swing Orchestra, Johnny Favourite Swing Orchestra, Steve Lucky and the Rhumba Bums, Red & The Red Hots, and the Big Six do it better. The emphasis is on the jump. *Swing This Baby!* is targeted to a swing dance club audience. Every song is up tempo and blaring. The horn



emphasis is over done. For purer swing and more emphasis on the nuances pick up full-lengths from any of the bands I just mentioned. If planning to purchase *Swing This*

Baby! for the home be prepared to turn down the treble and pump up some bass. Just like that Bio Ritmo disc from last month the production focuses on the high end. Hello. The rhythm section provides the dance beat, not the fucking blasting horns.

-Jaybo Cline

BAUHAUS

Crackle

TONES ON TAIL

Everything

BAUHAUS

Swing the Heartache (BBC Sessions)

Thanks to those lovely folks at Beggar's Banquet, the gothic kings are back, if only temporarily. They have been touring the country and even did a show at our very own Saltair just a couple weeks back.

"Crackle" is a "greatest hits" album, at least sort-of. It is also a

place to find a lot of tracks for the first time on an actual studio album. "Bela Lugosi's Dead" is making its actual first appearance on a full-

length studio CD by them. It was previously only available on a CD or vinyl single backed with a song called "Boys." Another fairly hard-to-find track "The Sanity Assassin" is also included. In this song, "He drops a capsule in your drink/And spikes your dreams with madness." Yikes. The second version of "Spirit," which is the one the band prefers, and also a better version, is also here. "Crowds" closes this set. It is also a rare track and has only previously been available on a limited edition import. This song is full of hatred, and a perfect anthem for someone who has pissed you off. "You worthless bitch/You fickle shit/You will spit on me/You will make me spit."

Anyway, along with these rarities, they have all their classic songs. "She's in Parties," "Mask," and "Ziggy Stardust" are all included here. This CD is just barely under 80 minutes, so it will give the money's worth to old fans or to

new fans who are wanting to discover the band and hear for themselves what the hell the hoopla is all about.

Beggar's Banquet is also re-issuing "Swing the Heartache" on September 8th. These are versions of their songs recorded by the BBC network for inclusions on Radio One. These tracks are typically recorded live and not mixed or produced at all. Some of these versions made it to their albums. The versions of "Ziggy Stardust", "Third Uncle," and "Double Dare" are only found here. The songs "Poison Pen" and "Night Time" are only found here.

And, if this isn't enough, Beggar's Banquet has all of the Bauhaus, Tones on Tail, Love and Rockets, Daniel Ash, Peter Murphy, and David J projects. You can also find Dali's Car. If that still is not enough, Red Ant will release a new Peter Murphy and Love and Rockets before the year's end.

Tones on Tail is a band that consisted of Bauhaus members Daniel Ash and Kevin Haskins and a non-Bauhaus member Glenn Campling.

These three eventually stopped recording, David J returned and Love and Rockets began.



"Everything" is a 2-CD set that literally does contain everything that these three recorded. The first CD is their album, entitled Pop. The second CD, which is almost a full CD, contains everything else, mixes, B sides and even an interview. A live version of "Heartbreak Hotel," is also included, and although it's fun, the quality is not very good and the track is a throwaway. But, the CD is not. This is a CD to own, a double CD for the price of one.

-C.M.

GILLIAN WELCH

Hell Among the Yearlings

Gillian grew up in Southern California, listening to the likes of the Carter Family and Woody Guthrie. At a young age, she listened to these, and as she got older became a bluegrass fan. She has learned to play the banjo recently, and does so here on a few tracks, "The Devil Had a Hold on Me," "One Morning" and "Rock of Ages." She is basically a singer-songwriter in a fucked-up country and folk vein.

And, this album is a hell of a lot darker than the first one.

The first track, "Caleb Meyer" is a story of a woman killing a man who is attempting to rape her. The man shows up, drinking out of a bottle, finds that her husband is gone, and attempts to rape her. She then breaks this bottle and kills him with it. On "One Morning" a loved one dies in her arms of a gunshot wound. In "Miner's Refrain" a miner realizes that he is trapped until he dies. She laments

that "Nobody knows what waits ahead/Beyond the earth and sky" in "I'm Not Afraid to Die." All of these songs are bleak, stark and depressing.

This is possibly even better than the first CD, Revival. You should file this one in the unhappy camper section and whatever you do, buy this disc.

-C.M.

RICHARD BUCKNER

Since

Richard grew up at the other end of California, the northern part. You can also find his stuff in the unhappy camper singer-songwriter section. He has a folk-country sound and has been compared to Gram Parsons. Gram was more like Mary Poppins compared to this. His songs are full of heartbreak and angst, beauty and tragedy. On his first album, "Bloomed," the track "22" is sung from the singer after his death. When he discovers his feeling of love for his woman friend is not mutual, he decides that is time to end it all. He tells her to "Dig me up and give me back/What I never should have lost."

This album was released in 1995 and is almost impossible to find, but well worth your effort if you do.

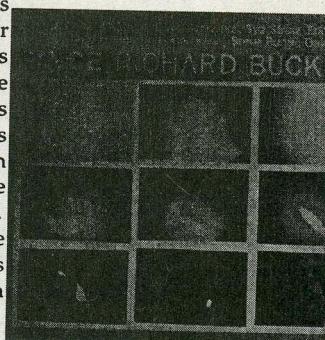
His third release, "Since", was just released. It's very easy to find and you should. Be warned. He hasn't gotten any more upbeat. On "Goner w/Souvenir" he is waiting for a lover to return.

"Where the world are you? Have you waited long enough?" "Boys, the Night Will Bury You" is a bluesy depressing number of mistrust towards the opposite sex that he wants to love so dearly. "Feel her breath upon your ear/The trouble now is not the truth/There's things out there that'll bend your bones/Boys, the night will bury you." On "Once" he is "longing to be saved."

This album, like all of his albums, is depressing as hell. It's also highly recommended. Give this 3 1/2 stars. Bloomed is definitely a 4 star album and the second one, Devotion and Doubt is at least a 3. -C.M.

CULTURE CLUB

V H 1
Storytellers/Greatest Moments



Here is another great double CD set at another great price. And, I'm sure all of you fucks out there in fuckland are all mocking this the same way that you mocked the Human League stuff last month. Y'know what? Kiss my butt. You listened to them and loved them and you know you did. In fact, I'll bet all of you poking fun all have tickets to the Rewind tour.

Anyway, the second CD here is a greatest hits CD. It has all of the huge hits, "Do You Really

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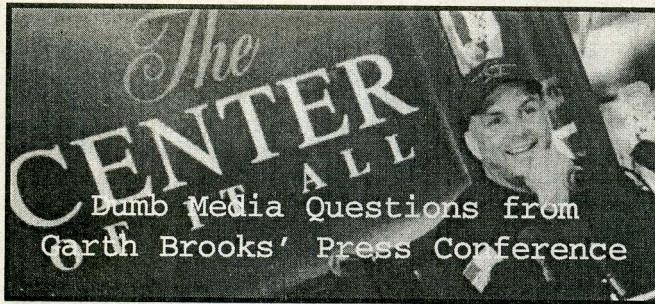
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For some reason no one in Salt Lake City's "media" could figure out why Garth Brooks held a press conference on the afternoon of the first of four concerts. The reason for the press conference was **FEED THE CHILDREN**. Did anyone get it? Heck no! *SLUG* attended the press conference. What follows are "dumb questions" the "media" asked Garth Brooks. The questions are transcribed exactly as they were asked. Please remember that the individuals asking the questions are supposedly professional journalists. "I wanna know what you're going to do for four days in Salt Lake? What are you going to see? Gonna take a look at where the Olympics are going to be?" Nice! What was his answer? "Do what we always do and hope we sleep a lot." Next question. "For both of you, how is Salt Lake compared to other concert cities you perform in?" Trisha Yearwood's answer? "I don't know." Garth answered that he had played Salt Lake City with Chris Ledoux in the past and that he stole his current stage show from Ledoux. You didn't read that anyplace else did you?

"Mr. Brooks. About your contract. How is the status of it now. I know there were some discrepancies between releasing the box-set and putting all your albums together and not releasing them anymore." Find the question. Find the English language. Garth's reply? "There are no discrepancies."

-Whitey Pullen

The next one was for Trisha Yearwood. "Our listeners wanna know when you're gonna have a baby?" The next few were intelligent so I'll skip them, but how about this one? "Garth how many albums are you thinking about putting out before you call it quits?" Like any musician plans the number of albums in their career? Here is the most idiotic question of them all. "Garth, how's your mothers health?" Hopefully a photo of his response accompanies this piece. Dumb ass. Why not pry where you aren't welcome? About three minutes of total silence followed that question.

"Garth Brooks, ah, speaking of people you, ah, admire. Is it true that you have an open invitation to Garth Brooks...I'm sorry, ah, George Strait, to come to any one of your shows?" That was certainly well put. Brooks' answer? "Strait has taste." "Garth Brooks. When you're on stage do you carry your wallet in your jeans and your car keys in your pocket just like you would in everyday life?" What? "Do you have an opinion, good or bad, on country artists crossing over to other radio formats?" Cross-over is new? "Speaking of chubby, you're not anymore." That's enough. Most of the intelligent questions, and there were some, came from television and not print or radio people.

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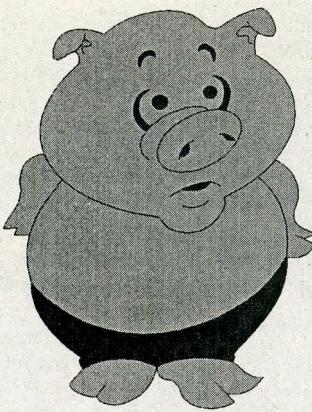
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Before I get started, it's time to rant and rave a little about a few things. First, let's start with "Saving Private Ryan." I would like to say this about the movie: who fucking cares? The next critic that writes about how powerful it is because of the graphic and realistic wartime violence is going to find out what the fuck graphic violence is all about. Have any of you seen "The Deer Hunter?" Better movie, more effective violence. Plus, why like a movie that gives away the entire story in the first scene? It will win 6 undeserved Academy Awards. I'll never watch this piece of shit again.

Next of all, I saw "Return to Paradise." Good movie if you lose two things: the love story and the cast's clothing.

The third movie I saw this month was "Your Friends and Neighbors." Fuckin' disturbing. If you think the director's first film, "In the Company of Men," was disturbing, that film is a comedy compared to this. Wait until you hear Jason Patric's character tell about his best fuck he ever had. You'll never want to be in public alone again.

Last, but not least, look out for *Swagger*. They're coming your way soon. You'll like it...or else!

Some months being a music critic is a great job. This is one of the months I'm talking about. Almost everything I heard that was new in the last 30 days was, at the least, decent. Read on.

PIXIES-AT THE BBC-This is a collection of tracks recorded by the band from May '88 through June '91 for the BBC Radio Network. Most of this is slightly alternate versions of tracks from their albums, such as "Monkey Gone to Heaven" or "Wave of Mutilation." However, most of this has

only appeared as B-sides of singles. There are a couple of B-sides that are fairly hard-to-find here, a cover of the Beatles' "Wild Honey Pie" and "(In Heaven) The Lady in the Radiator Song." That was the song the radiation victim sang in "Eraserhead."

Classic versions of both of these. If you want to collect all of the singles, so you can have all the B-sides, this is a really great place to start. The disc is a little short, but who cares, it's the Pixies. A solid 9 and a half on this one. **FRANK BLACK AND THE CATHOLICS**-Frank was formerly Black Francis of the Pixies. This is his fourth album since parting ways with the rest of the band. Frank's solo albums haven't really strayed too far from the sound of his former band. This is possibly the best of his solo albums so far. His sound is stripped down a little more than normal, down to only 2 guitars, a bass and a drum. This seems to have paid off. Standout tracks are "Back to Rome," "Do You Feel Bad About it?" and a cover of Larry Norman's "Six-Sixty-Six." Pretty good effort this time

around. Give this one a 7, maybe 7 1/2.

PRIMUS-RHINO-PLASTY-This is similar

to the Miscellaneous Debris that they did a few years back. They have taken some songs from other artists and funked them up, Primus style. Peter Gabriel's "The Family and the Fishing Net" and Metallica's "The Thing That Should Not Be" are among the victims.

There is a song that was made popular by Jerry Reed, "Amos Moses."

It's a natural for Primus. Listen to it and you'll know what I mean.

A newer, darker version of "Too Many Puppies" is also included. This track is a definite 10. The rest of the CD gets close to a 7. **DISTURBING BEHAVIOR-SOUNDTRACK**-Here's one of those soundtracks to a summer movie that is not all that great but you had to go see it anyway. I know. I saw it. This is your standard soundtrack fare, a bunch of not-so-well-knowns doing a

bunch of okay songs at some moment in the movie where you think that the sexy members of the cast are about to get naked, but, of course they really aren't and you're sitting there thinking did I just waste \$3.50 on this pretty bland movie and that hot guy isn't even going to take his shirt off and that cute chick that is in that TV show won't get naked either, but that Barbie-looking girl does, but who cares, because she's really scary, and besides it was only her shirt and it only lasted three seconds? Oh,

wait...music. This soundtrack is worth it, for two tracks: The Fly's "Got You (Where I Want You)" and Treble Charger's "Ever She Flows." This soundtrack would only get about a 6 or 7, but these two tracks get much, much higher. **EMMYLOU HARRIS-SPYBOY**-Coming off of two milestones in her career, the "Portraits" box set and her last album, "Wrecking Ball," this latest album is a live one. With the exception of the rockin' song written by Rodney Crowell, "I Ain't Living Long Like This," this is basically an album of ballads. Emmylou does either well, but ballads are her best. Her classics "My Songbird," "Love Hurts" and "Boulder to Birmingham" are all here. There is a new Daniel Lanois track that closes the album, "The Maker." It's a great new song, and this is a great recording. It's Emmylou, no reason to not have it. 9. **SUBLIME-STAND BY YOUR VAN (LIVE)**-This album is made up of various live shows that Sublime did from September '94 to October '95. "Let's Go Get Stoned" is a fun track, one you've

probably heard before. "I saw you in your bedroom/Sucking someone else's dick," you know, so I had to smoke a fatty. There aren't any new tracks, and none of the "hits," but for Sublime fans, this is a must. For everyone else, it's a 5. **BLACULA-SOUNDTRACK**-Here's what the press kit says, "What would happen if Shaft drank the blood of hapless victims instead of being a private detective/sex machine to all the chicks?" That's right, you'd have

Blacula. Cheesy blaxploitation movie with music to match. The Count Dracula Society proclaims Blacula is the most "horrifying film of the decade." The soundtrack is great, if you like funk and cheese. There are three songs included by the Hues Corporation, "There He is Again," "What the World Knows" and "I'm Gonna Catch You." They are all much better than their smash hit, "Rock the Boat." Give this CD an 8 for cheese, and a 6 otherwise, so give it a 7. **KNAPSACK-THIS CONVERSATION IS ENDING STARTING RIGHT NOW**-This is the third release for this band and was produced by Alex Newport, who produced Fudge Tunnel, Godheadsilo and the Melvins. Here's what Melody Maker had to say about the CD... "They pack melodies to drink yourself to death over, furious at-the-end-of-my-rope vocals, guitars that go for the emotional jugular and choruses to shove up your neighbor's ass." OUCH. I was wondering if we were listening to the same album. Track #10, "Please Shut Off the Lights" is great. The rest of this CD is about a 6, but you need to go check it out somewhere just to listen to the last track. **ORGY-CANDYASS**-

This is the first band that Korn signed to their new label called Elementree, distributed by Reprise. It's an electronic/rock'n'roll death pop kind of album. Maybe like a slightly techno version of Marilyn Manson. A bunch of pretty love songs, like "Stitches," "Tying yourself to



me/Stitch up my emptiness/'Cause you're the death of me." "Fiend" says, "What's behind your painted face/Can you see the real pig in the mirror?" "Dizzy" guest stars Satan on vocals and it's a song about a catatonic state. If you're a fan of N.I.N., Marilyn Manson, Korn or White Zombie, this is a little bit of all of that. There is a great remake of "Blue Monday." Give this close to a 7. **GRACE JONES-PRIVATE LIFE**-Grace Jones is a performance artist/model/actress/singer who recorded music in the late 70's and early 80's. Although she is still around and recording, this is when she was at her peak. She was backed up then by Sly Dunbar and Robbie Shakespeare. The two of them helped achieve a sound that was basically uncategorizable, an eclectic mix of R & B, reggae, disco and rock 'n' roll. "Private Life" was a song written by Chrissie Hynde and was her biggest hit in the U.K. Chrissie herself loves the version.

"That's how the song is supposed to sound," she says. She also has covered Tom Petty's "Breakdown," Daniel Miller's "Warm Leatherette," Roxy Music's "Love is the Drug" and does a great version of Joy Division's "She's Lost Control." She puts her own stamp on all of these as well as Sting's "Demolition Man." This CD compilation is a combination of greatest hits and tracks never before available on CD. Over 21/2 hours of music. Give it a 9. **THE AVENGERS-SOUNDTRACK**-Speaking of Grace Jones, she's one of the artists on this soundtrack, which is much better than the movie. She's backed up by the Radio Science Orchestra singing a song of lost love called "Storm." It's pretty good, and she sounds as dramatic as ever. Other highlights include a slightly different version of Annie

Lennox's Bjork cover "Mama." The always great Stereo MC's and Utah Saints also contribute some memorable songs. And, the always lovely Sinead O'Connor sings a song called "Summer's End." She was supposed to do a song called "Emma's Song," as well, but it's nowhere to be found. We'll gripe later about that. Anyway, buy the soundtrack. Avoid the movie. Give this a 7. **WINDIGO-SELF-TITLED**-The sticker on the front of this CD says "produced by Gilby Clarke." You know, of Guns 'N' Roses. I didn't know if that meant I should listen or not. I found out. Most of it is hard rock sorta metal and every now and then they try to get funky. "Poughkeepsie" is okay. "Holy" is very hard to take seriously because of these lyrics,

"Because the psychedelic shamen's what it's all about/I'll smoke my green god till my lungs give out." Impressive. This gets a 3.

ANTARCTICA-SELF-TITLED E.P.-This is some of that slow, moody, atmospheric rock along the lines of Swervedriver or Ride. This band is a little darker than those bands, however. This music is relaxing, but haunting and mysterious at the same time. There is no new ground broken here, but it's 23 minutes of pleasurable listening.

Give Antarctica a 7, maybe 7 1/2. **LO FIDELITY ALL STARS-HOW TO OPERATE WITH A BLOWN MIND**-Here is a band with even stupider names than the Marilyn Manson boys. Get this; Wrekked Train, The Albino Priest, The Slammer and The Many Tentacles. Right about this time, I was going to put it down and started to wonder what Gray Whale would give me for a trade-in. Instead, I listened and found that these guys have come together from a variety of influences, anywhere from Afrika Bambaata to New Order to Spiritualized. They have a sound that they describe as being something like the Happy Mondays doing poppers with the Chemical Brothers. They also love Oasis and the Spacemen 3. However, a lot of this sounds more like love child of Massive Attack and Tricky.

"Blisters on My Brain" is a rock/dance track that WILL get you off your ass. "Nighttime Story" samples The Three Degrees "If & When."

She sings "Come on/Come on back to me," over and over. It's very monotonous and also very effective and moving. There are more Three Degrees samples as well as Rick "The Kidnapper" James and Eartha Kitt. I would

give this album a 7 or more for sounding like everything else, but still being somewhat original. **SCREECHING WEASEL-TELEVISION CITY DREAM**-More short, loud, fast punk rock songs from this band who has been around since 1986. The band never really changes their style, but they're a helluva lot of fun. "Pervert at Large" is a song about a creep in the bushes, "spying on old ladies." "Breaking Point" has this obnoxious lyric, "Why not gossip about Martha Hingis/You can rhyme her name with cunnilingus." "I Don't Give a Fuck" is pretty self-explanatory. Close to a 7. **BILLY BRAGG AND WILCO-MERMAID AVENUE**-This is a pretty great concept. These are songs written by Woody Guthrie sometime in between 1939 and 1950. They were never put to music, and that's where Billy Bragg and Wilco come in. Nora Guthrie approached Billy 3 years ago, and that's when this originally began. Bragg does vocals on 6 of these tracks, Jeff Tweedy of Wilco does vocals on 8 of the tracks and Natalie Merchant does vocals on one track only, "Birds and Ships." This is one of Natalie's finest moments, her voice so emotional, she sounds like Sandy Denny has been giving her lessons. Jeff Tweedy's highlight is definitely "At My Window Sad and Lonely." "Sad and lonely I wonder/Do you ever think of me?" Tweedy brings this sad song to life, as if it was a song of his own. "One By One" is another Tweedy highlight. Billy Bragg highlights are the up-tempo "Walt Whitman's Niece" and the "Eisler on the Go" ballad. This is an album for anyone who loves Woody Guthrie, folk music, singer-songwriters, etc. A great and original idea, no loser tracks. Give this at least a 9. **CRITTERS BUGGIN'-BUMPA**-This is a cheesy jazz meets hip hop kind of album. They describe it as an "amalgam of free jazz, acid funk, tribal grooves, progressive rock, Japnoise caterwaul and cyber dub, slathered in conspiracy theory, non-sequitur, alien intrigue and interstellar telepathy." I don't know what the fuck any of that means. It sounds like a cheesy jazz meets hip hop kind of album to me. Give it a 6 1/3. **MOTORPLANT-INSIDE THE WALNUT**-A band that mixes pop, hard rock, a little funk here and there and a guitar solo that sounds like classic rock once in a while. In other words, it's another goddamn "modern rock" band. "Broken Heart Disease" is a great little pop gem with a very unpleasant lyric, "I walk the dark and deadly streets/I feel the broken heart disease." "Ovulation" is a song about a guy who finally realizes why he misunderstands his girlfriend's attitude. "I think this all comes down to just one thing/I think she's ovulating." I can't print anymore than that because I'm afraid of the femazi's. In the song "Crumble" the guy can't believe that he'd "miss your constant company." This is pretty entertaining shit. Give this one a 7.

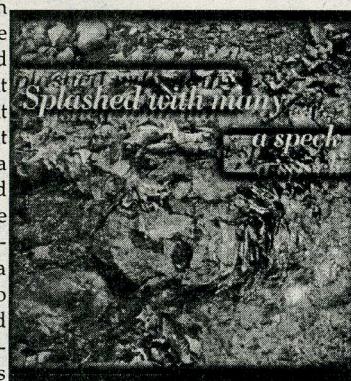
VARIOUS ARTISTS-SPLASHED WITH MANY A SPECK-Here is a two CD set from the same folks that brought you the "Thurtene" album a few years back. That was a fine album of bands covering 4AD bands. This is similar to that project except most of these are originals. This is not actually 4AD, but as close as you're gonna get.

Slow, haunting, ethereal sounding tracks from beginning to end. Most of the bands are unknown. Love Spirals Downward, Faith and Disease and the Cocteau Twins are probably the most popular names.

Six String Malfunction's "For Static" is the only song that's not like the others. It's a static noisefest. The rest of this would make your grandma happy. Standout tracks are Loveliescrushing's "Lips to Kiss," a remake of "Thoughtforms" by a band called Heavenside and a track called "Timothy Cream's Crown of Wines" by Daniel Figgis. If you like your music 4AD style, gothic or you're just in the mood for something mellow, this would probably a good bet. 4AD fans give it a 9. Everyone else, give this a 7. **VARNALINE-SWEET LIFE**-This is the third full length album by these singer-songwriters who describe their music as being somewhere in the Wilco and Palace vicinity. Their personal influences are Big Star, Hank Williams, Swell

and Mississippi John Hurt. They certainly fit into that category known as either "americana" or "alt-country." "Underneath the Mountain" would be right at home on a Son Volt album. "Gulf of Mexico" is a standout track, a song about missing yer honey. "Walls come crashing down/I'm in the Gulf of Mexico/Come on down." Other standouts include "Mare Imbrium," "Tonite" and the album's closer, which is 91/2 minutes long, "Sweet Life." This album is a high recommendation. Give it at least a 9, maybe close to a 10.

Until next time, see ya in the mud!!!!!!



CD REVIEWS

We're Only In It For The Money

Want to Hurt Me," "Time (Clock of the Heart)," "I'll Tumble 4 Ya," "Church of the Poisoned Mind," "Move Away" and "Karma Chameleon."

Boy George's solo hit, "The Crying Game" is also included. His cheesy version of Bread's "Everything I Own" is also included. For some reason, "The War Song" and "Mistake No. 3" are not included. There is a great new song called "I Just Wanna Be Loved."

The first CD is a live show recently recorded on VH1. It basically has the same lineup of songs, except it has some extras, "That's the Way (I'm Only Trying to Help You)," "Strange Voodoo," "Black Money" and "What Do You Want." The songs included on this live CD sound great, and Boy George sounds as lovely as always. It's over two hours of music and the CD is specially-priced. If you have always thought you should pick up a greatest hits by this band, this is the one to get.

-C.M.

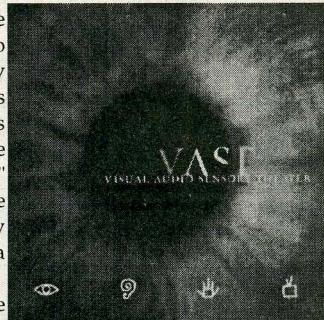
VAST

Visual Audio Sensory Theater

Vast is a one-man show by multi-instrumentalist Jon Crosby. He is a 21 year old who was named by Guitar Magazine as "one of the young guitarists to watch" when he was only 13. At the age of 16, he started listening to electronic music. This album is a product of listening to metal, classical, electronic, pop and gothic. This album would probably be loved by anyone who likes anything in-between Nine Inch Nails and Enigma. Crosby is a huge Metallica fan and Lars Ulrich says this is the best debut he's heard in a long time. I'm

inclined to agree with that.

"Touched" and "Temptation" contain samples from Le Mystere des Voix Bulgares. The former is a haunting and beautiful ballad about being fucked-up from the influences of God and love. "Somewhere Else to Be" and "The Niles Edge" sample The Benedictine Monks of the Abby of Saint-Maurice and Saint Maur, Cleraux. "Here" and "Three Doors" are industrial style noise in the vein of Trent Reznor. Everything on this CD is pretty good and this has to be one of the better debuts I've heard in a while. "Pretty When You Cry"



is a track that by itself makes this one worth the purchase. The lyrics on this are painfully direct. Some people might get a little bit uncomfortable listening to it. "I didn't want to hurt you/But you're pretty when you cry." This is followed by "I didn't want to fuck you/But you're pretty when you're mine," and "When I treat you bad/It always makes you want to stay." We've all been there and done that.

A great debut and an artist that we'll hopefully end up seeing a lot more of in the near future.

-C.M.

12 ROUNDS

My Big Hero

12 Rounds is in concert with Vast at The Holy Cow on September 6th, and hopefully you'll be there. This album is their first album as a two piece and also their first released on Nothing/Interscope. They were previously a three piece and released an EP on Polydor. Another of the Trent Reznor College of Psychotherapy graduates, this band is angst-driven electronic and industrial rock. Definitely appealing to anyone who is a fan of the bands on the Nothing roster.

This band has the weirdness of Marilyn Manson with vocals that are almost childlike. This gives them an even creepier feel than a lot of the Nothing label. Here's a

lyric from their song "Sunshine," a song that they consider to be playful and toylife. "I love the way you kicked my face in/Then left me for dead." Pretty. That's about as close to a love song as you'll get from them. "2 Miles" is another love song by the band. "When I'm feeling down/I'll saw off both your hands/And lick the sweat off your feet." This is a song to her "honey-bee."

They like to incorporate very strange instruments into their music, such as a fly on "Something's Burning" or a chainsaw on "Bovine." "Come On in Out of the Rain" has a strings section.

This is not music for everybody, but if you like your music Nothing-style, this is definitely for you. Also, check out the CD single of "Pleasant Smell" which has 8 mixes of the song including the album version. Some of these mixes are by the various members of the N.I.N. outfit. Check out track no. 3. It's the best mix here.

-C.M.

DASH RIP ROCK

Paydirt

This band is from New Orleans and they cite George Jones and the Ramones as being their major influences. The lead singer says their music appeals to fans of Green Day and Garth Brooks. Critics refer to them as "psychobilly" or "cown-punk."

In 1995, they did a song called "Let's Go Smoke Some Pot" that was recorded to the tune of "At the Hop." It received minimal airplay and they were popular for about 3 minutes.

Paydirt is their latest, and they are still soundin' psycho-country to me. "Markers Down" is one of the standout tracks. "They tore the markers down/And we won't find our way." "False Prophets" is a rockin' tune about TV evangelists. "Call Me (When You Find My Number)" is a song about a love that never really existed. The girl in question here forgot his name and tried to drive him insane. But, he knows it will be okay if he gets on his knees and begs.

The last track is a short story followed by an acoustic track that is

probably called "Please Don't Hold My Hand." It's a great and also quite sad song. There is also a cover of a song made popular by Marty Robbins called "Singin' the Blues."

If you have Randy Travis or Offspring in your collection, this will probably be a good one to pick up. If not, check them out anyway. They're a lot of fun.

-C.M.

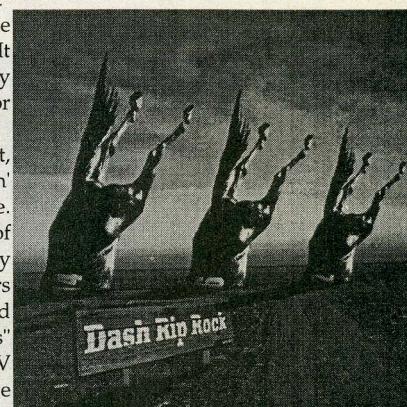
VARIOUS ARTISTS

Honest Don's Greatest Shits
FLUF
Road Rage

As I'm writing this and looking at the "Greatest Shits" cover, I've just gotten done watching Pasolini's "Salo: 120 Days of Sodom." It is making the writing very difficult. To make the connection, go rent the movie at The Tower Theatre and go buy the CD anywhere. Then, you'll get it. I'm not going to explain it all to you 'cause it's too sick, even for me to talk about.

But, enough with that, let's talk about the CD. If you've ever wanted to check out Honest Don's roster, here is the place to start.

Here you can get a track by the punk band, Diesel Boy, the poppy punk sound of Limp, the ska "nuisance" of the Dance Hall Crashers, and the psychoska of the Mad Caddies. Also included are tracks by the Teen Idols, Chixdiggit,



Hagfish, J Church and the Riverdales. The highlights, however are the loud punk rock Anti-Flag song, "Tearing Everyone Down" from an upcoming CD. Another standout is "Something's Wrong" from Fluf.

This is a CD you should have in

your collection. You can get fairly new tracks from every band that Honest Don's label is putting out, and a few of these tracks, Anti-Flag's and Limp's are not out yet.

Plus, this CD has a list price of under \$5 and you can probably find it in most of the good CD stores for less than \$4.

Fluf's "Road Rage" is Honest Don's current release. They are loud and hard with a punk edge. Their lyrics are driven by angst and the problems with the opposite sex. "JN it on the Net" is a song about isolation, your only friend being the Internet. "I got friends all over the place/Who knows who when they don't have a face." "Livin' it Up" has nothing to do with the title. "You don't know a thing about me/Get in your car and drive right by/I'm your son or maybe your daughter/Either way it makes me cry." "Fuck Up" is a song where the guy fucks up "everything I do" and "everything I screw."

This CD is pretty good and would probably be good for the fans of the Warped Tour. This music sounds a lot like those bands.

-C.M.

THIS MONTH'S ELECTRONIC SHIT:

CARL COX, DJ JOHN KELLEY, SUGAR PLANT, KENT SPARLING AND SLUGWRENCH

First of all, let's start with those CD's that the lovely folks at Moonshine send us. The first one is Carl Cox's disc, "The Sound of Ultimate B.A.S.E." This is his first since the double disc "Fact 2." This is something to basically wet your appetite and tide you over until the real album comes out, sometime later this year. Carl is considered by some to be the greatest DJ alive, and this is another compilation of dance tracks chosen specifically by him. Highlights are Freq.'s "Xirtam 2," Kamaflage's "Discotamination" and a track by Cox himself, "The Player."

Also from Moonshine, a new remix album by DJ John Kelley called "Knee Deep." He is the person who is known as the forefather for the desert rave scene, and has already released two compilations

on the Moonshine label. He is quite popular because he can program anything from funky breaks, minimal techno, electronic to trip hop.

He is becoming one of the most popular DJ's in America. Although both of these Moonshine compilations are recommended, this is the one of the two I recommend the most. Peace Division's "Tribal Phunk," CJ Bullard's "Horsepower" and Sven Vath's "Breakthrough" are the tracks that I recommend the most.

From World Domination comes a 2CD set by a band who call themselves Sugar Plant. Trance-like, mellow electronic lullabies that you could probably pass out to fairly easily. This is very quiet all the way through, except for the last few seconds of "Butterfly" which gets a little bit noisy. "Impure" is a song about being fucked up by life. "I am afraid of dark clouds/And that I fall on the ground with broken wings." "Saudade" and "I Was You" are both tracks to sleep by, very relaxing and pretty. "Meadow" is a very long piece (20:34) that sounds as though it should have been the soundtrack for Julie Andrews as she sang in the meadow the theme to The Sound of Music.

Another fairly mellow ambient work is Kent Sparling's "Route Canal Diary." This is fairly quiet and relaxing like Sugar Plant, but this piece, full of environmental noises, construction sounds and just general chaos sounds that living in a city brings, is no Julie Andrews.

This one is closer to a nightmare, an apocalyptic vision of despair. This may be the soundtrack playing inside the head of Jack Nicholson's character in "The Shining." Listenable, but paranoid.

In fact, the track "During Shooting Star" has a fire burning. You have to wonder if he caught the kid and the wife and is eating their flesh. This is probably a hard one to find, but look for it. You'll be glad that you did.

Slugwrench's "Prole" is electronic from hell. Whereas Kent Sparling's album creeps up on you and gets under your skin, this album is beating you in the face from the second it starts. This CD is probably the only one in the jukebox once you enter Hell for your mighty lengthy stay. The "Slugwrench Love Song" is down-

right disturbing. There is a subtle, moaning and screaming vocal in it.

This is the love song of the album? "Mood is Fear" is the song that will be in the orgy room. Unfortunately in Hell, you won't be the one doing the fucking. You'll be the one passing out the lotion samples, but be thankful that you'll have this to listen to, because the time will go a lot quicker. "Pin Cushion" is another noise and dance fest. "Plan 5" is so distorted that it's hard to listen to. I loved it.

Anyway, for all of you that have electronica pegged as one kind of music, these five discs could prove you wrong. There is something for everyone here and they are all highly recommended.

-C.M.

DAUGHTERS OF THE NILE APOCATASTASIS

The boys are baaack, just like your favorite poltergeist, but, this time around, they've finally decided to give us a CD. And, at 71:00

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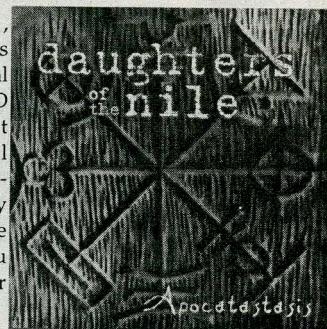
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money's worth.

"5ive" starts the mood of the album, goth guitar, mellow with a strong, haunting vocal. This song stays in your head long after it's over. A great starting point.

"Teacher" is a song to a mentor, could be anyone, that helped breath some life into the songwriter's soul, and he tells them he appreciates it, with lyrics like "You open my eyes when I'm blind" and "You pinch my nerves when I'm numb."

"Glorious" is a definite Sisters of Mercy sound. This is an anthem for goths and gothwannabees everywhere. "I've been here a long time/I can still see the light at the end of night."

In "Undone," the woman in question has definitely come undone. Her "Cancer of opinion seems

eager to please/Once again you bury your own needs."

"Blue" is a song to talk about. "I hold you so close/Silent as your blinkless eyes." and "I'll always love you/Though your skin is the wrong color." No, kids, it ain't a story of racism, It's all about necrophilia, baby. That's right, fuckin' the dead ones. You know, like the sick puppy in the movie "Nightwatch." In this song, he "Cradles you so tight/You haven't gone. What are kids up to these days, anyway? Hence the title, this is a "story of our love." Don't try this at home.

"Eulogy" clocks in at 10:20, which makes it about 4 minutes longer than Courtney Hole's eulogy for Kurt Cobain. This is a man who has comes to terms with his insanity, and feels that he doesn't need to exist anymore. Perhaps he is scared of his feelings towards others, because he tells us that "this knowledge wants more than to rape."

Because of his fear, he is hoping to not be around, much longer. He is waiting for his "death today." This song is slow and haunting, and well worth the ten minute listen.

"DRDFD" is the "punk rock" song for the album. Far faster and harder than anything else on the album, this is a song to a conceited gothic chick with a bad attitude. "Big tits and black hair/Blonde roots what a scare." Hopefully, this chick is not the one that became the star of the song "Blue." The song concludes with "fuck you bitch/You're so insane." I can't tell you what the DRDFD actually stands for, because your mother might be reading this.

The last track "Merriment" is a song about lost childhood memories of an old lake in a little town. It combines the joy of a youth gone by, with the observation that all good things must come to an end. Nothing lasts forever. "His fathers panicked gasps still torture me constantly."

If you are a part of the Confetti or Area 51 crowd, or even if you just like your slice of life to be a little darker or moodier than the rest of the population, there is definitely something here for you. Give it a listen.

WRITTEN IN BLOOD

Hard
Music
for a
Hard
World

by John Forgach

MASTER

Faith Is In Season
Pavement

I'm writing all my stuff this month sitting in a Memphis airport, waiting for a plane. I'm headed back to Salt Lake after spending a week in Delaware. I saved up all of my SLUG work for my vacation thinking I would have plenty of time to get it done. Well, I spent way too much time exploring the vistas of the back of my eyelids and too much time drinking "real" beer that I didn't get as much done as I wanted. Let's see what we have first. This band Master pretty much blows. The music is simple and the lyrics are juvenile at best. Next...

DEATH

The Sound Of Perseverance
Nuclear Blast

New Death!!! THE SOUND OF

PERSEVERANCE is the album. This news is huge and this release should be in every metal lover's CD player. I spent months reeling in pain after hearing Chuck Schuldiner (founding member, vocals/guitar) parted ways with the 1995 line-up of Death after the release of SYMBOLIC.

Chuck's plans after the disbanding of Death were to form the band Control Denied, a band that would follow an even more melodic approach than anything Chuck had done before. If I remember correctly, Warrel Dane (Nevermore/ Sanctuary) was picked to sing on the album. The



THE SOUND OF PERSEVERANCE

time didn't feel right for the release of such an album so Chuck packed up Shannon Hamm (guitar) and Scott Clendenin (bass) - both from Control Denied - scooped up drumming wizard Richard Cristy, and formed the latest incarnation of Death. Although it would have seemed inconceivable that the music of Death's could possibly

improve after SYMBOLIC, it happened much to my amazement. Chuck tried out some new vocal sounds and the band's music has evolved to new levels of musical mastery. Chuck's solos are even getting harder to distinguish from the solos of the talent he brings in to burn up the fretboard. This is a must have.

EARTH CRISIS

Breed The Killers
Roadrunner

Drastic times call for drastic measures. It is this ideology that the band Earth Crisis eats (literally), sleeps, breathes and lives. Earth Crisis's music deals with a militant-like revolution of ideas that the band feels is necessary to sweep across the world. This revolution, according to Earth Crisis, will make each person "accountable" for their actions and also accountable for how their lives adversely affect the earth. I can't claim to know much if anything about the straight-edge movement, but I'm pretty sure there is a deeper meaning behind this than the "beat up the guy on the street because he's smoking" approach (as witnessed here in Salt Lake). Wiping away the ills of society is nothing new from the Earth Crisis camp, something that is new is the

band's jump from Victory Records to Roadrunner Records. Where Victory is mainly geared towards hardcore, Roadrunner has always been known for its roster of metal acts. In ways this move was totally appropriate. For as long as I have followed Earth Crisis (since 94's DESTROY THE MACHINES) this band has incorporated a heavier,

more technical, more metal sound with each new album. BREED THE KILLERS is the result of a finely tuned, precision, musical attack. The members of Earth Crisis are the soldiers, BREED THE KILLERS is the weapon, and YOU are the target.

EXHIBIT EIGHT

Black Fly

Remember these guys? I told you about them back in '96 when they released their first CD. If there was reason to take notice of E8 back then, then there is really reason to take notice now. Our progressive metal friends from Tempe, Arizona are still together and have used their practice time wisely since the last time I heard from them. E8 has developed a sound that is both unique and entices this listener into thoughts that Exhibit Eight may just be ready to take their music global. I'm not sure what the availability of this two song CD will be, but be on the lookout for Exhibit Eight. Contact the band at 310 W. Utah Ave., Las Vegas, NV 89102.

PUNGENT STENCH

Praise The Names Of The Musical Assassins
Nuclear Blast

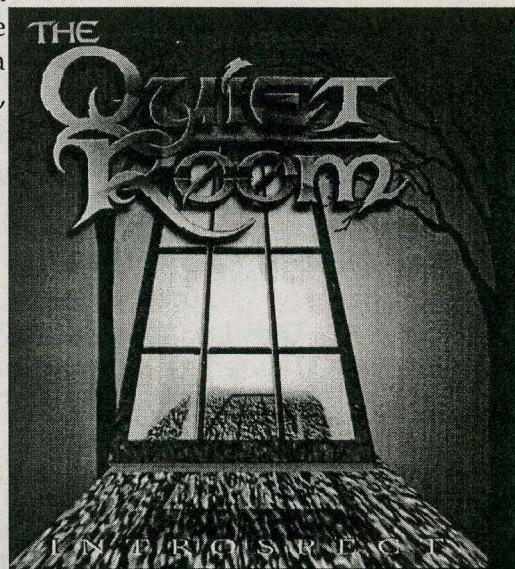
Welcome to the twisted, sometimes misunderstood, often censored world of Pungent Stench. This band from Vienna, Austria has pushed the limits and helped to

establish the very concept of what has been labeled as extreme. Most of the Pungent Stench album covers met resistance from the law and ultimately had to be altered in

s o m e way to s e c u r e d i s t r i b u t i o n . P R A I S E T H E N A M E S O F T H E M U S I C A L A S S A S S I N S was compiled by the members o f

Pungent Stench and is an overview of the band's career via unreleased and hard to find material. As with many of the grindcore bands of the time the band's early material took

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instinctual feel. Later material by Pungent Stench fully shows the bands rhythmic capabilities. All of the band's material, newer and older, had a humorous side and

was probably never meant to be taken totally serious.

THE QUIET ROOM

Introspect
Metal Blade

I reviewed this album back in '97 when The Quiet Room was on Dominion Records. Now INTROSPECT is being released by Metal Blade. Everything still applies, so read it again...punk. I want to make sure I get across how incredibly good this release is. Only maybe one in one hundred CDs that I get impress me as much as INTROSPECT by The Quiet Room. INTROSPECT is a progressive metal monster. This Denver based, six piece displays a semi-full of technical ability, individual mastery of their instruments, a true understanding of song composition, and the ability to tie it all together into a unique musical offering. One of the aspects of this

disc that I enjoyed the most (other than the serious gun-slinging guitar solos) was the fact that this band knows the importance of keeping it heavy. I've seen many good bands of this caliber put too much emphasis on being dark and moody in an attempt to be artsy, and then the emotions that were to be conveyed are lost in all of the boob'n. This isn't the case with The Quiet

Room. I think the disc should have been titled, INTROSPECT (...I'm going to whack you in 'yo damn head with a crushing guitar riff or two.).

DAILY CALENDAR

Saturday, September 5
 Backwash - Dead Goat
 Swing Gorillas w/Atomic Deluxe - Zephyr

Sunday, September 6
 Acoustic Goat - Dead Goat
 Pato Baton - Zephyr

Monday, September 7
 Mark Hummel and the Blues Survivors - Dead Goat
 Stranger Neighbor w/Second Hand Grace - Zephyr

Tuesday, September 8
 Goat Jam - Dead Goat
 Moe - Zephyr

Wednesday, September 9
 Trouser Trout - Dead Goat
 4 A.J. - Zephyr

Thursday, September 10
 Sister Shake - Dead Goat
 In Effect w/Unsound Mind - Ichabob's
 PCP Berzerker - Zephyr

Friday, September 11
 Sun Masons - Dead Goat
 Disco Drippers - Zephyr

Saturday, September 12
 James Warburton and Brother Music Powerhouse - Dead Goat
 Twisted Fable w/Unsound Mind - Grizzlies
 Disco Drippers - Zephyr

Sunday, September 13
 Acoustic Goat - Dead Goat
 Evil Petting Zoo - Zephyr

Monday, September 14
 The Chicago Rhythm & Blues King - Dead Goat
 Funktoast - Zephyr

Tuesday, September 15
 Goat Jam - Dead Goat
 Nashville Pussy & The Candy Snatchers - Zephyr

Wednesday, September 16
 Sound Send - Dead Goat
 Cigar Store Indians & Atomic Deluxe - Zephyr

Thursday, September 17
 Up Yer Sleeve - Dead Goat
 Chrome Addicts & Dime Store Decons - Zephyr

Friday, September 18
 Evil Pettin Zoo - Dead Goat
 The Given - Zephyr

Saturday, September 19
 Smilin' Jack - Dead Goat
 Chola - Zephyr

Sunday, September 20
 Acoustic Goat - Dead Goat
 King Trance - Zephyr

Monday, September 21
 Johnnie Basset & the Blues Insurgents - Dead Goat
 Secondhand Grace w/N'Eda Davenport - Zephyr

Tuesday, September 22
 Indigenous - Dead Goat
 The Uneven w/James Shook - Zephyr

Wednesday, September 23
 Curious Birds - Dead Goat
 Chris Duarte - Zephyr

Thursday, September 24
 Rain Kings - Dead Goat
 Unsound Mind w/Twisted Fable - Ichabob's
 Chris Duarte - Zephyr

Friday, September 25
 Harry Lee & the Back Alley Blues Band - Dead Goat
 Young Dubliners Glenmont Popes - Zephyr

Saturday, September 26
 Zion Tribe - Dead Goat
 Young Dubliners Glenmont Popes - Zephyr

Sunday, September 27
 Acoustic Goat - Dead Goat
 Trippin Daisy - Zephyr

Monday, September 28
 Theodis Ealey Band - Dead Goat
 Thirsty Alley - Zephyr

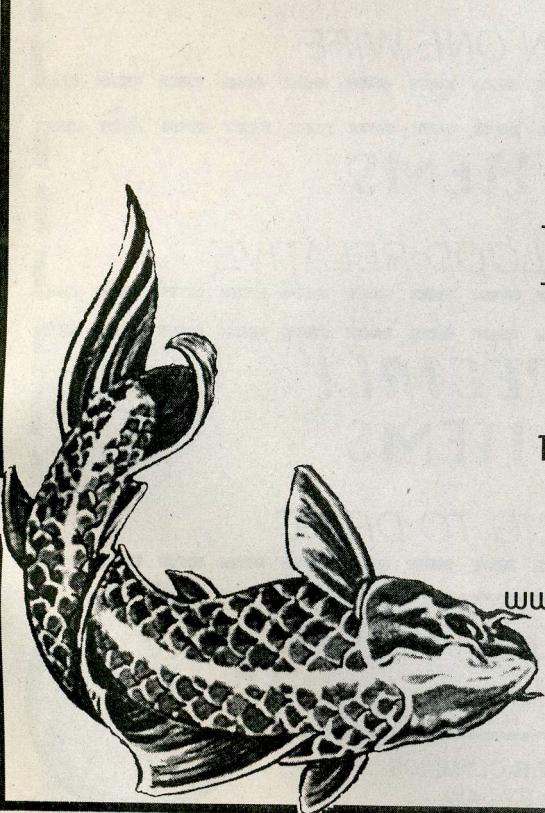
Tuesday, September 29
 Goat Jam - Dead Goat
 The Rhythm Lords - Zephyr

Wednesday, September 30
 Zak Lee - Dead Goat
 Ramona Sway w/Glade - Zephyr

If you're not
 in the FREE
 daily
 Calendar,
 maybe you
 didn't get us
 your listing!

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